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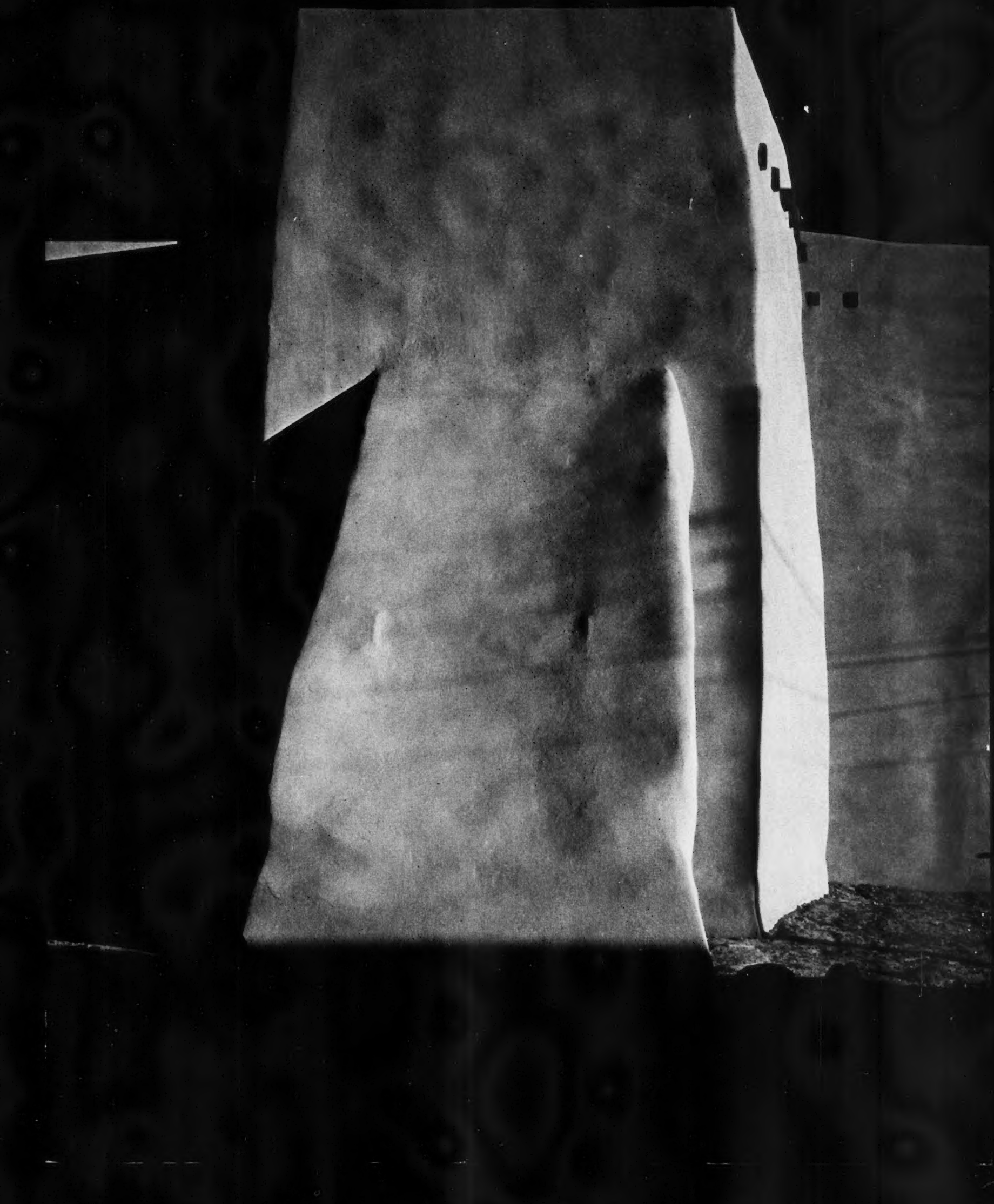

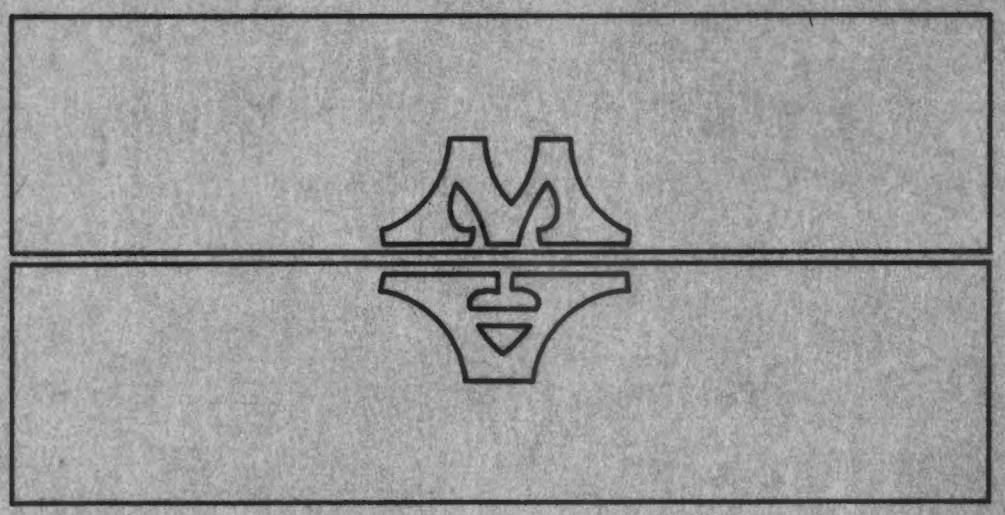

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THE

AMERICAN WEST

BICENTENNIAL ISSUE

Cover: Two and a half centuries before the Liberty Bell rang out in Philadelphia, Spain was sending forth its soldiers and priests to explore and settle the American Southwest. In about 1730 they built the Church of Saint Francis of Assisi at Ranchos de Taos, New Mexico. Elemental yet soaring, the adobe-walled mission structure seems to connect earth and sky, man and God.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MUENCH

JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA'S 1775-76 EXPEDITION DEPARTS SOUTHERN ARIZONA FOR CALIFORNIA
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

1776 WAS A YEAR for trailblazing in the West. The birth of the new year found a group of Spanish colonists led by Juan Bautista de Anza (above) already traveling overland from Mexico to California along a route Anza had discovered less than two years before.

Accompanying the Anza Expedition during the first part of its journey was Father Francisco Garcés, an intrepid explorer who left the party at Yuma on the California-Arizona border and set off on his own. By March of 1776, Father Garcés was crossing the southern tip of the Great Basin, an area never before seen by a white man.

Father Garcés's July 3, 1776, report on his discoveries would be read eagerly by another priest-explorer, Father Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, who with Father Francisco Atanasio Domínguez set out at the end of that same month on an equally remarkable journey into the unknown regions between Santa Fe and Monterey.

This bicentennial year is also one of overland journeys in the West. A nine-month reenactment of the Anza Expedition was completed in June, while later this month a group of riders will begin retracing the Domínguez-Escalante route.

Accounts of the 1776 and 1976 overland expeditions follow in this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST.

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The AMERICAN WEST in *1776*

Some notes on what was happening across the Father of Waters two centuries ago

by Larry L. Meyer

The shot heard round the world was fired in the East, and the natal war that produced a new nation was also fought there, in England's thirteen east coast colonies. In 1776, the lands west of North America's eastern seaboard—particularly those beyond the broad Mississippi River—suffered the neglect of most geopoliticians of the time, just as they are still neglected by many students of eighteenth-century America today.

And yet the American West had a history even then. A long one. A rich one. A multinational one.

One chapter of that history began in the 1530s when the resourceful Spaniard Cabeza de Vaca led a small party of shipwreck survivors inland from the Texas shore and thence slowly south to Mexico City. When he arrived there at last, he passed on the tales of fabulous mineral wealth he had heard from the Indians. With their lust for precious metals whetted, explorers and conquistadores and settlers came north in periodic waves—Coronado, Cabrillo, Oñate, de Vargas, among others. By the 1770s, Spain had a determined if insecure hold on the American Southwest.

The French arrived in the West later than the Spaniards, but by the dawn of the eighteenth century they had possession of the Mississippi Valley and were moving boldly west onto the Great Plains. Weak in numbers yet strong in courage, they had penetrated the great grasslands as far west as the Rockies before 1763. In that year a settlement of the Seven Years' War favorable to England removed imperial France for a critical time from the contest for North America, though individual Frenchmen, their allegiance up for grabs, continued to inhabit the American heartland.

By 1776, Englishmen and soon-to-be Americans had also crossed the Father of Waters. Their days under the western sun, however, were yet to come. Most of the West still belonged to the Amerind, greater and lesser pieces of it possessed by tribes or bands that were often fiercely independent. With some meager exceptions, their lives were already being altered by the coming of the Europeans, chiefly by the horse and the gun and other items of material culture that had preceded the white man over the ancient trade routes of the West. Yet in 1776 few Indians could know that the momentous events taking place on the distant East Coast would profoundly affect them and finally assure their ruin. All that was in the keep of the future.

In order to broaden the focus of that revolutionary year, here, then, is a region-by-region survey of what was happening in the American West in 1776.

ABOVE: THOMAS JEFFERSON PRESENTS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO JOHN HANCOCK AT THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1776. BY JOHN TRUMBULL; THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

OPPOSITE: GASPAR DE PORTOLA DISCOVERS SAN FRANCISCO BAY, 1769. (SEVEN YEARS LATER, IN THE FALL OF 1776, SPAIN'S CONTROL OF THE STRATEGIC BAY BECAME COMPLETE WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO.)
BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS; ON LOAN TO THE OAKLAND MUSEUM FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE

BERNARDO DE GALVEZ: GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF LOUISIANA, 1777 83; VICEROY OF NEW SPAIN, 1785-86.
BY BROTHER PABLO DE JESUS. MUSEO NACIONAL DE HISTORIA, MEXICO CITY

THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI

The highborn, well-bred Bernardo de Gálvez came to Louisiana in 1776, youthful but still an old hand at fighting Apaches in the shadowlands of northern Mexico. He came as the commander of the regimental garrison, with friends and relations in high places, and he became the colony's acting governor before the year was out. Destiny and careerism had led him to the very eye of the storm, New Orleans, from which Spain, claimant to the trans-Mississippi West, was warily observing the growing conflict between England and her upstart colonies.

Young Gálvez's sympathy was with the rebels, as was his king's—though the king's interest was far more pragmatic. The Spanish crown was eager to curb ambitious England, and that meant secret shipments of arms and medicines and matériel up the Mississippi to the insurgents. England soon discovered what was up and sent warships to cow New Orleans, but Gálvez bluffed and blustered and played for time.

Even without the pointed English threats of military force, Gálvez stood on shaky ground. His subjects were overwhelmingly French, and less than a decade before his coming had themselves risen in angry rebellion against an inept Spanish administration, newly imposed after France's cession of western Louisiana to Spain following the mutually disastrous Seven Years' War.

Yet Gálvez, a civilized man who married a French widow and thereby helped heal the wounds, succeeded in walking a precarious line between assisting the Americans and placating the angry (but wary) English, who weren't quite ready to make Spain an enemy, too. In 1779 this uneasy peace was broken by Spain's declaration of war against England, and Gálvez recouped much lost national honor by waging a lightning war on England from New Orleans. The British, who had intentions of pushing Spain out of the Mississippi Valley, suddenly found themselves divested of their strongholds at Baton Rouge, Mobile, and Pensacola, and cleared completely from the Gulf Coast.

Gálvez became a hero in Spain and a saviour of lower Spanish Louisiana. Yet of those he saved, few were Spaniards. The planters clustered west of New Orleans and on the Mississippi's western bank were mostly Frenchmen whose ancestors had begun to arrive in the early eighteenth century. There were also Germans and black slaves whose forebears had arrived through the populating schemes of the early 1720s. And beginning in 1776, Anglo war refugees of both patriotic and loyalist persuasions were made welcome by the humane Gálvez.

But Gálvez was not so cordial to the few Anglo traders who crossed the Mississippi upriver at the junction with the Arkansas and carried guns, among other contraband

ENGLISH-LED INDIAN MERCENARIES ATTACK SPANISH SAINT LOUIS, MAY 26, 1780.
MISSOURI STATE CAPITOL, JEFFERSON CITY

items, far up the Arkansas to the Indians of the interior West. This illegal trade was not only distressing to Spanish officials in war-torn Texas, but was a harbinger of the trying times ahead, when the luster of Gálvez's victory would fade and the Americans would displace the British in westward expansion.

THE CENTRAL PLAINS AND MISSISSIPPI FRONTIER

In 1776 a pitiful handful of Spanish soldiers looked nervously eastward from the young community of Saint Louis. The outbreak of the Revolutionary War was a complication to these men attempting to govern an immensity of grasslands. Spaniards had never been at home on the Great Plains; Frenchmen seemed better suited there, in the company of the fierce Amerindian tribes. The French had first settled and traded there after La Salle ran the Mississippi River in 1683 and claimed the American heartland for France. By the mid-eighteenth century, fearless Frenchmen had explored every major western river—the Missouri, the Platte, the Osage, the Republican, the Arkansas—almost to the Rockies.

All the same, Spain came in receipt of the Central Plains with the complicated settlement of the Seven Years' War in 1763. And it fell to her to keep the area from falling into the hands of fur-trading Englishmen coming down from Canada or from fertile Illinois Country. Given the paucity of Spaniards, the aggressiveness of the Anglo frontiersmen, and the restlessness of the Plains tribes who found Spanish wares inferior to French goods, Spain's prospects were dim.

Englishmen violated the northern border with impunity while trading in Iowa country and with the Sioux of Minnesota. But to the south where Spaniards were at least present, circumstances and wise policies served Spain well. Showing commendable flexibility, officials appointed skilled Frenchmen to important posts in the Indian trade, and in a break with tradition, adopted the French practice of giving gifts to the tribes to hold their wavering allegiance. Despite English agitation and bribes, the Missouri and Osage, the Kansa and Pawnee and Oto remained at peace and within the Franco-Spanish orbit.

Spanish Saint Louis was to know its finest hour on May 26, 1780. At one in the afternoon an English-led army of about a thousand Indian mercenaries attacked the newly fortified town, only to be repulsed by a little over three hundred Spanish regulars and French volunteers. After this defeat, England would never again make good on its threat to carry the war west of the Mississippi.

THE NORTHERN PLAINS

A few Frenchmen were in the Dakotas in 1776, living and trading in the Amerindian villages, having gone native after the famous La Vérendrye family explored the northern plains in 1742.

But it was the Sioux people, displaced by white men from their eastern woodland homes and spreading west from Minnesota with firesticks to underscore their belligerence, who made things happen in the region. Old tribal balances had come unsprung under the Sioux pressure; the Crows were in western retreat; the Kiowas were migrating south from their Black Hills home; the sedentary Mandans were penned up in their villages beside the upper Missouri. To add to the turmoil, the powerful Blackfeet, straddling the nation's future northern border, possessors of both the horse and the gun, were raiding south.

Curiously in this troubled time, a new culture was being born—a Native American culture considered by many to be the only one to post-date the arrival of Europeans in North America. Characterized by the sun dance and the scalp dance, warrior societies and florescence in art, the Plains Culture would last a century before the nation born on the eastern seaboard in 1776 dealt it its death blow.

THE SOUTHERN PLAINS

Peace was as rare as the woolly mammoth on the plains of Texas and Oklahoma—at least after the white man first appeared there in the sixteenth century. The year 1776 was no exception.

Before 1763, Spanish-French rivalry along the Texas-Louisiana border had involved the local Indian tribes, who took sides as their trade interests dictated. The Treaty of Paris, which ended the Seven Years' War and forced France to cede western Louisiana to Spain, brought a new season of amity among white settlers and traders. This peace did not, however, extend to the Indian tribes of the southern plains. Hostilities between them were of long standing, and the new Spanish supremacy—far less preferable to that of the French—further aggravated an explosive situation.

Centered in the Red River Valley and south to the Brazos River were the so-called Indians of the North—

OPPOSITE: "SNAKE AND SIOUX INDIANS ON THE WARPATH" (NORTHERN PLAINS REGION).
BY ALFRED JACOB MILLER; THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA

BELOW: "INDIANS PLAYING AT ALCOLOH" (EASTERN WASHINGTON).
PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

Wichitas, Tonkawas, and Tawakonis, among others. To the south and west were the dread Apache bands. From the west and northwest came the advancing tide of the seemingly invincible Comanches. And to the north were the bellicose Osages.

Spaniards in San Antonio, Bucareli, Nacogdoches, and other Texas settlements lost lives and livestock regularly to raiders from any number of tribes. But the Spaniards could at least be thankful that those same tribes—some bearing firearms they secured from English traders—still warred among themselves and did not unite to drive Spain entirely from the southern plains.

Maintaining a semblance of peace became the overriding aim of Spanish policy, and in the year 1776, two men were maintaining it only through superhuman efforts. One was Juan Maria Ripperdá, the conscientious governor of Texas, who labored under the burden of viceregal mistrust in Mexico City. The other was Athanaze de Mézières, a gifted French frontiersman whom the Spaniards inherited and wisely appointed lieutenant governor of the District of Natchitoches. Despite the handicaps often imposed on them by ignorant superiors, the pair managed through patient diplomacy to check major wars. And in 1777, when Teodoro de Croix took over as commandant-general of the *Provincias Internas,* of which Texas became a part, Ripperdá and de Mézières gained a powerful ally in keeping the peace.

THE NORTHERN PLATEAU

No white man is known to have visited the intermontane land between the Cascade and Bitterroot ranges and above the winding Snake River before 1776. Yet European culture made an impact as its goods passed over ancient trade routes connecting the Plateau peoples with the Northern Plains and the Northwest Coast. Of most impact on those who relied on seasonal salmon runs and camas roots was the early receipt of the horse. The gifted Nez Perces became master breeders of the beast. The Cayuses gave their name to a western mount.

Though of limited utility in the broken country of eastern Washington and Oregon, Idaho and western Montana, the horse nevertheless brought the blessings of mobility—the means for the Plateau peoples to ride east to the Plains to trade and receive illumination, to absorb some of the gaudy trappings of Plains life, and to escape the predatory parties of hostile Blackfeet on the way home.

"INDIANS AT HAWIKUH" (NORTHWESTERN NEW MEXICO)
BY GERALD CASSIDY. MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO

The year 1776 was an especially black and bloody one for Spaniards living astride the Rio Grande del Norte. True, Spain's far-northern territory had known dark days after conquistador Don Juan de Oñate brought the first settlers in 1598. The great mineral wealth believed there had not materialized, and the colonists had barely survived on an economy of marginal agriculture and stock raising. Then in 1680, the Pueblo Indians had revolted and temporarily cleansed their lands of Spaniards, the survivors of the blood bath retreating south to El Paso.

But in 1776, New Mexico was facing an Indian problem of much greater dimension and of at least eight years' standing. To the southeast, south, and southwest of the Rio Grande settlements, marauding Apache bands kept the frontier in turmoil. To the northwest, Navajos and even the usually friendly Utes were raiding. And from the north and east rode fierce Comanches who killed and looted and left the Rio Grande pueblos devastated. Not even the capital of Santa Fe, where harassed governor Fermín de Mendinueta awaited help from Mexico, seemed safe from the terror.

The reasons for the province's threatened collapse were many: a long history of maladministration; an ill-trained, ill-equipped, and demoralized military; a changeable Indian policy that frequently invited Comanche vengeance. These conditions were made known to Madrid by the reports of inspectors, and in August of 1776 a royal order was issued that drastically reorganized New Spain's northern territories. New Mexico was to join Texas, Sonora-Sinaloa, Coahuila, Nueva Vizcaya, and the two Californias in a single administrative unit, the *Provincias Internas,* under a powerful commandant-general.

The new post went to Teodoro de Croix, a respected and highborn officer who quickly made his presence felt on the tattered frontier. Reforms were made; new policies were implemented. And as the Revolutionary War came to an end in the East, Croix, with the indispensable aid of Juan Bautista de Anza, who had been appointed governor of New Mexico, had restored a remarkable degree of peace and order to the region.

FATHERS DOMINGUEZ AND ESCALANTE DISCOVER THE UTAH VALLEY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1776.
BY KEITH EDDINGTON; UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE GREAT BASIN

Men had lived in the West's arid core long before Columbus crossed an ocean and launched an imperial age. But there is no evidence they ever lived well there. Gosiutes and Paiutes and Western Shoshoni scratched a marginal living in the dry basin east of the Sierra Nevada where water—ever scarce—ran cruelly into the ground rather than to a distant ocean. Hunters and gatherers subsisting mainly on piñon nuts hoarded, rabbits snared, and insects ground into protein meal, their lives were circumscribed by the harsh struggle to stay alive.

In this land of little change, the year 1776 was a momentous one, for during that year the first known white men appeared in the Basin. In March the celebrated explorer Father Francisco Garcés is believed to have brushed the far southwestern edge of the Great Basin close to the present-day California-Nevada border. Garcés was just passing through—Yuma and a journey to the Gulf of California were behind him, California's San Joaquin Valley and the Hopi mesas of northern Arizona were still ahead in the padre's astonishing itinerary.

Whatever Garcés's exact route, other Spaniards were to see the West's remote heart that same year. The well-known Domínguez-Escalante expedition departed Santa Fe less than a month after the American colonies formally declared their independence in Philadelphia. The two priests and their eight secular followers made their way through western Colorado, across the Wasatch Mountains, and down into Basin country. From there the travelers went south and west and then southeast in an arduous search for a ford across the Colorado River chasm, before returning to New Mexico's capital by way of Zuñi. [For an in-depth account of this journey, see pages 18-31.]

The stated purposes of the expedition were to find an overland route to the new Spanish settlement at Monterey in California and to select likely spots for establishing missions. In both, the ambitious Spaniards fell short of their objectives. Yet that in no way demeaned the two padres' very real achievements, accomplished in a spirit of peace, and without the loss of a single Spanish or Indian life.

THE NORTHWEST COAST

On the dark timbered wetness of this land's end dwelt Indians of such outlandish cultural complexity as to rival the Aztecs of Mexico or the Incas of Peru. There is rumor and evidence of possible contact with outsiders that goes back to prehistory: to an early visitation by the Chinese, to seventeenth-century shipwrecks of Spanish galleons out of Manila. Chunks of beeswax dug out of Oregon's sands, metal tools in aboriginal possession, reports of red-haired, freckled Indians by Lewis and Clark, early accounts of pirates cannonading prey-ships offshore, tales of treasure chests buried under Pacific sands—all these are suggestive of a long past shrouded in mystery.

The first visitors of record to the then-mysterious Northwest Coast were Spaniards. They came in 1774, starting out from Mexico about a month after white Bostonians had dressed up like red men and dumped tea into Atlantic waters. The frigate *Santiago,* under Juan José Pérez, sailed forth to reconnoiter the unknown north Pacific coast and legitimize Spain's claim to what was then the end of the earth.

The following year two young sailors, Bruno de Hezeta and Juan de la Bodega y Quadra, commanding the *Santiago* and *Sonora,* stepped ashore on the Washington coast at today's Point Grenville. They planted Spain's claim there and experienced a murderous Indian attack before putting to sea again. The explorations did not end there. Scattered by weather, Hezeta discovered but failed to enter the yawning mouth of the Columbia River, while the more audacious Bodega headed west and then north. Ravaged by scurvy, he nevertheless carried Spain's claim to Alaska at the latitude of Sitka.

But Spain's explorations in this region were not kept secret, as was the royal intent. Word got around. And it got around to the ever-interested archenemy, England.

And so it was in June of 1776, a month before the English colonies declared their independence, that Captain James Cook, the greatest explorer of his age, left England for waters still disturbed by Spaniards. His orders were to locate the legendary Northwest Passage, the Strait of Anián. Instead, Cook found the Hawaiian Islands, encountered fur-trading Indians at Nootka on Vancouver Island, discovered the long westward-sloping coast of Alaska, and met his own tragic death at the hands of the Hawaiians in 1779.

The impact of Cook's 1776 voyage on future events

OPPOSITE: CAPTAIN JAMES COOK'S SHIPS "RESOLUTION" AND "ADVENTURE" ANCHOR IN NOOTKA SOUND, MARCH 1778.
BY JOHN WEBBER; PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

BELOW: MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO, NEAR MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, FOUNDED IN JUNE 1770. ,
BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER AFTER J. SYKES; E. E. AYER COLLECTION, NEWBERRY LIBRARY

was immense. Those pelts casually acquired in Nootka were taken on to China, where they touched off one of history's great sellers' markets. A sudden international rivalry for possession of the riches of the Northwest Coast would propel England and Spain to the brink of war in the 1790s, attract enterprising American sailors who were early emissaries from the young nation that would eventually own most of that coast, and spell the ruin of one of the most bizarre of the New World's aboriginal cultures.

CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA

The Spanish occupation of Alta California was only seven years old when the thirteen east coast colonies proclaimed their independence from Britain. But it had been a busy seven years, and 1776 was as busy as any.

In September of that momentous year, with much ceremony on the part of on-site soldiers, priests, and settlers, the presidio of San Francisco was dedicated, giving Spain control of that strategic bay.

The spread of Spanish civilization in California continued through 1776 and into 1777 with the establishment of Missions San Francisco, Santa Clara, and the pueblo of San José, as well as with the refounding of Mission San Juan Capistrano. Such a spurt of settlement was largely due to the actions of one man, Juan Bautista de Anza, the Sonora-based officer who opened the overland trail to California in 1774–75. Within a year, Anza had made the trek again, this time escorting 240-odd settlers from Tubac, Arizona, by way of the aborning settlement of Tucson to new homes in California. This lifeline lasted only until the summer of 1781, when the Yuma Indians severed it in bloody fashion, wiping out the Spaniards posted on the Yuma's southern Colorado homelands.

The Yuma disaster dealt a harsh blow to Spanish hopes for California. Yet enough Spaniards had reached the Pacific slope to insure the province a Spanish future and to further the two ends which had prompted Spanish occupation: the secular need to establish a defensive presence against Russian and English expansion and the spiritual mission of Christianizing California's Indian peoples.

Larry Meyer *is a free-lance writer and assistant professor of journalism at California State University, Northridge. He was formerly editor-in-chief of* Colorado *Magazine and, for five years, editor-in-chief of* Westways. *He is author of* Shadow of a Continent.

MODERATE-
DENSITY
INDIAN
POPULATION

SPARSE
INDIAN
POPULATION

SPANISH PRESENCE

Dominguez & Escalante,
1776

WALPI PUEBLO

TAOS

SANTA FE

ALBUQUERQUE

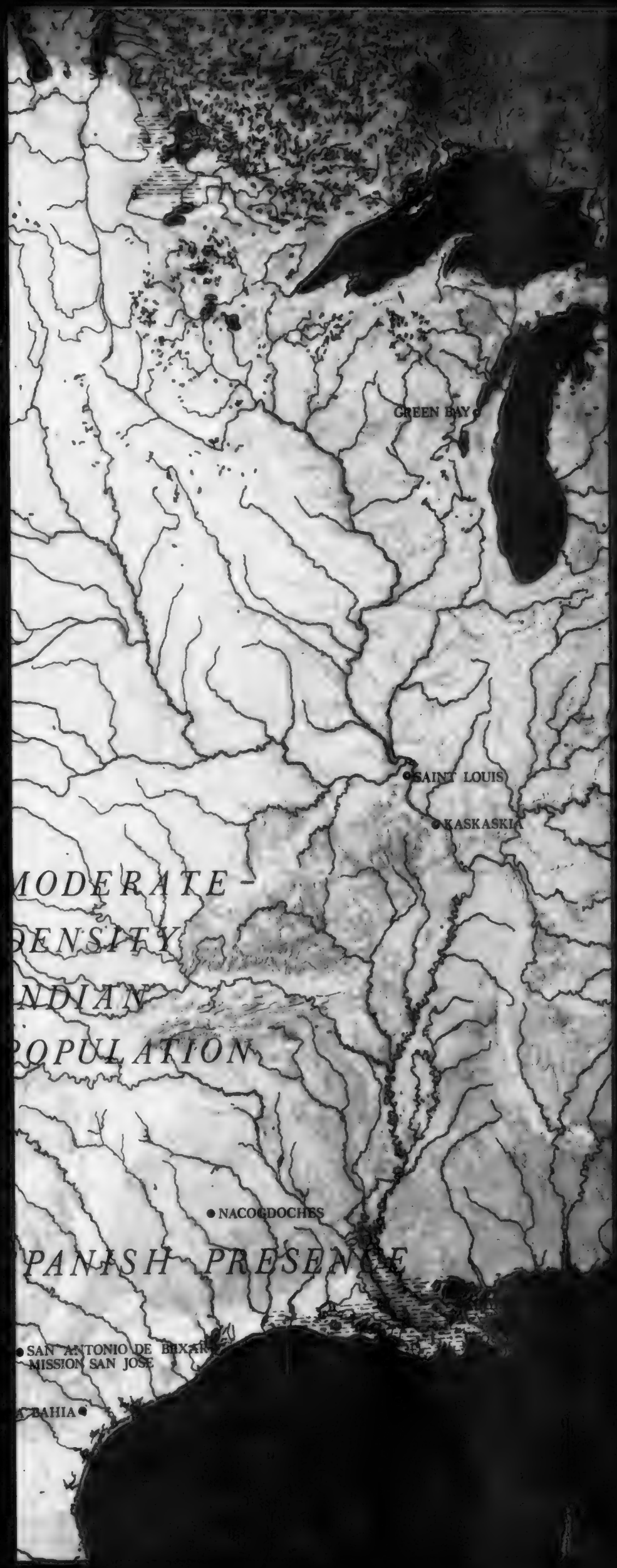
ZUNI PUEBLO

ACOMA PUEBLO

TUCSON
MISSION SAN XAVIER DEL BAC

TUBAC
MISSION SAN JOSÉ DE TUMACACORI

Juan Bautista de Anza,
1775-76



The AMERICAN WEST in *1776*

UNEXPLORED
BY WHITES

MODERATE-
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POPULATION

SAN FRANCISCO
MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE ASÍS

MONTEREY
MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO

MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA

MISSION SAN LUIS OBISPO DE TOLOSA

MISSION SAN GABRIEL ARCÁNGEL

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

SAN DIEGO
MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

Dominguez & Escalante,
1776-77

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WALPI PUEBLO

TAOS

SANTA FE

ZUNI PUEBLO

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ACOMA PUEBLO

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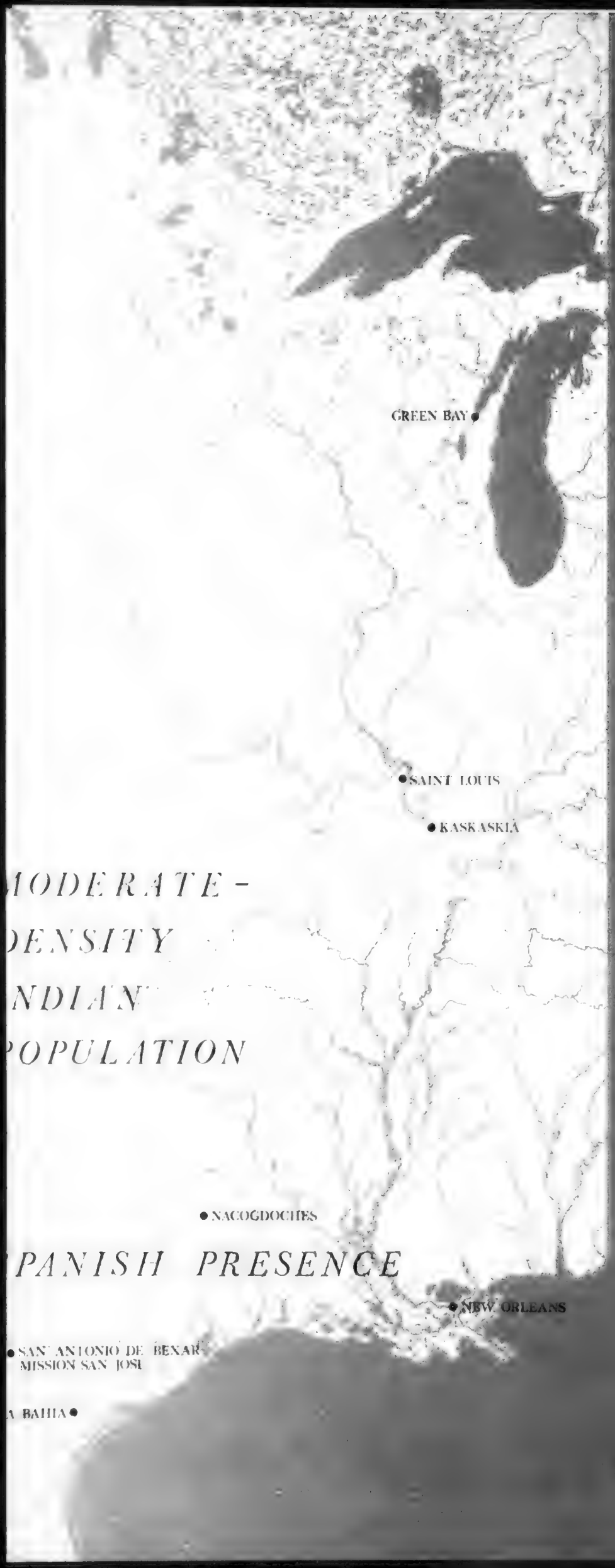
Juan Bautista de Anza,
1775-76



The AMERICAN WEST in *1776*

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§ the living past §

on the trail of Juan Bautista de ANZA

by winston elstob

IN THE EAST, bicentennial history centers around King George III and the momentous events he provoked in his American colonies. Few Easterners will be recalling another, more benevolent despot, King Carlos III of Spain, who also influenced American history in that celebrated year. At the same time that the thirteen colonies were declaring their independence from the English king, an expedition led by the Spanish monarch's own colonel, Juan Bautista de Anza, was moving laboriously northward from Mexico to found a colony in California.

Yet in the West this event was not forgotten, and in August of 1975, fifty-two Americans began a bicentennial celebration of the Anza Expedition. Variously garbed as *soldados,* Spanish colonists, muleteers, or whatever else their fancy suggested, the group gathered in Mexico City to honor Anza and the thirty Spanish families he led through the desert and over the mountains to California, the Promised Land.

"[Anza's] monument is the Imperial City which stands beside the Golden Gate and looks out across the Western Sea," wrote Herbert Eugene Bolton, California's eminent historian, who believed Anza's expedition was "a remarkable record, never excelled—perhaps never equaled—in the history of the pioneer treks to the Pacific Coast, before, during, or after the Gold Rush."

The reenactment of the Anza Expedition, in various forms and guises, made its own historical journey from Mexico City to San Francisco between August 1975 and June 1976, carefully following Anza's original route and schedule as closely as possible. Over one thousand persons participated directly in the reenactment, most of them on horseback, but a stalwart few on foot.

"The Bicentennial is Alive!" one newspaper headlined the Anza reenactment. "Anza rides again" was the lead for another story on the subject. James Finefrock, a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner* who courageously but sorely participated on horseback for three days, best summed up the difference two hundred years had made in travel conditions when he wrote, "All along the sixteen hundred mile journey from Mexico to Monterey, California, the de Anza party was buffeted by heavy automobile traffic, besieged by roadside litter, and impeded by fences, subdivisions, and other artifacts of men." And, he pointed out, "for the most part the ordeal of grappling with the wilderness was gone. In its place were the construction and excesses of modern civilization."

Despite the encumbrances of twentieth-century life, the Anza reenactment will remain for many Westerners their fondest memory of the American Bicentennial. Those who participated in the opening festivities will never forget the reception in Mexico City, where the *charros* of that ancient capital, led by Dr. Ignacio Rodriguez, played host to the American celebrants, fourteen of whom were direct descendants of the original Anza colonizers. There were five days of activities, including a special rodeo where the *charros,* in what might have been a scene out of the old Spanish West, displayed their renowned horsemanship.

The reenactment itself began with an elaborate ceremony at the Zócalo, Mexico City's famous plaza faced by a fifteenth-century cathedral and palace. It was at the palace that Anza had received orders from Viceroy Antonio María Bucareli in 1775 "to organize a land expedition to strengthen California, to explore the Bay of San Francisco and select sites for two missions and a presidio there."

Two hundred years later, in August 1975, the Zócalo was festooned with television cables as cameras focused on a makeshift stage where the reenactment was to begin. The American contingent arrived, some on horseback and others in a stagecoach and antique beer wagon. The ceremony started as 150 mounted *charros,* magnificently attired in their silver-bedecked costumes, led the group in and ringed the speakers' platform, standing at attention and lowering their *charro* standards as the orchestra played the national anthems of Mexico and the United States.

Then Dr. Octavio Hernandez, representing Mexico and Viceroy Bucareli of

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Following hoofprints two hundred years old, the second Anza Expedition rides through the Santa Cruz Valley south of Tubac, Arizona

RAY MANLEY STUDIOS

Domínguez and Escalante

In 1776, across the continent from the American Revolution, ten men set out from Santa Fe into unknown lands seeking a land route to Monterey

BY WALTER BRIGGS

WITH PAINTINGS BY WILSON HURLEY

TWO YOUNG FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES, a retired captain of the cavalry, a Hispano-Indian guide-interpreter, and six diverse others had mustered in Santa Fe, New Mexico, to find a way to Monterey, California. They had meant to set out on the Fourth of July, 1776, but were delayed until the twenty-ninth of that historic month and year.

In five months these ten men would adventure some two thousand miles, exploring more virgin territory than Daniel Boone in a contemporary lifetime, even more than Lewis and Clark in their twenty-eight month odyssey to the Northwest three decades later.

They would rove the Great Basin without knowing it, become the first white men to fathom a crossing of Colorado River canyons, and one of them would map rivers that were to bewilder explorers until the mid-nineteenth century.

"Without noise of arms" they would treat with a dozen or so Indian tribes, some antagonistic, some friendly, some timid from never having seen their like.

They would epitomize a final spurt of Spanish colonial energy for the glory of God and in the service of their king.

Why a route from Santa Fe to Monterey? Why this vigor in 1776? Why these ten men?

After Hernán Cortés's conquest of the Valley of Mexico in 1521, Spain had pressed gradually northward into present New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. Yet, her empire decaying, Madrid dawdled almost two and a half centuries over occupying California. Action was finally forced by geopolitics: Russia seemed poised to strike from Alaska at Spanish-claimed Pacific shores, while England was believed ready to invade via a rumored Great Sea and Great River of the West.

From peninsular Baja California, New Spain (modern Mexico) colonized San Diego in 1769 and Monterey the next year. Lest Spain lose the continental West as she had lost much of the East long before, Mexico City had to act quickly to populate, supply, and fortify these new settlements in California.

For colonizing families to sail there from New Spain's west coast ports was rendered perilous by caravel-wrecking head winds. In 1774, Captain Juan Bautista de Anza pioneered an overland trail from the Tucson area to San Gabriel mission in present-day Los Angeles, but Saharan stretches put it in doubt as a persisting lifeline. Hence Viceroy Antonio María Bucareli opted for a route through "those mysterious regions," as he himself termed them, that embraced Colorado, Utah, northern Arizona, and eastern California. Less was known of them than bicentennial man today knows the face of the moon. And so in the year 1776, it became the mission of two Catholic friars to lead an expedition that would attempt to blaze a trail through these regions to Monterey.

Francisco Atanasio Domínguez, the elder of the two friars at about thirty-six, was a Creole who reflected the sophistication of a Mexico City more populous than Revolutionary War Boston, New York, and Philadelphia combined. His Fran-

ciscan order had sent him to inspect the missions of New Mexico and to write reports for the viceroy (reflecting Domínguez's laic astuteness) on such problems as the Comanche raids that threatened the very existence of this frontier territory. Often acerbic, Domínguez frowned on New Mexico's melange of Indians, mixed-bloods, and Hispanos as rude in manner, graceless of tongue. To him, adobe-built Santa Fe was "a rough stone set in [the] fine metal" of its mountain-ringed plateau.

The second of the two friars was Silvestre Vélez de Escalante. About twenty-five years old, he was a fervid evangelist from northern Spain. In 1775 he had been assigned to distant Zuñi pueblo in west-central New Mexico. That same year he had also ventured to the more distant Hopi mesas in northeastern Arizona.

Stumpy or tall, pale or swarthy—we haven't a hint how Domínguez or Escalante looked. Nevertheless, they were endowed with *macho* in its true sense—as it is put to us by modern-day historian Fray Angelico Chavez of Santa Fe—a "manliness" that rises above mere "maleness."

As chief guide and interpreter, the two friars signed on Andre Muñiz, a Hispano-Indian who, trading with the Ute Indians, had previously ventured as far north as present-day Colorado. Among seven diverse others chosen for the expedition was Burgos-born Don Bernardo de Miera y Pacheco: engineer, sculptor, painter, rancher, armorer, captain of militia, and civil magistrate. Miera would go as astronomer, handling an astrolabe to reckon latitudes, and as cartographer.

Escalante had originally suggested that their party should comprise twenty well-armed men. That there were only ten—and unarmed at that—meant not a paucity of able bodies but of the wherewithal, so impoverished was frontier New Mexico, to equip and horse more. Explaining why they were "going without noise of arms," Escalante wrote sanguinely that there "must be a sufficient [armed] force or none at all."

With amazing accuracy in an era of scant longitudinal knowledge, Escalante calculated 400 leagues (2.6 miles to a league) to Monterey, only slightly more than its actual 920 beeline miles. On the expedition's eve, Escalante hedged, though, on their chances of forging all the way to Monterey. But he was optimistic, at least, of ferreting out a colony of mysterious Europeans widely thought to be isolated somewhere out there. "Their discovery would be very useful to religion and the Crown, both to prevent any attack upon this kingdom, if they are foreigners, and to incorporate them with ourselves if they are, as they [Indian informants] say, Spaniards." They could be castaways who trekked inland from galleons wrecked long ago on the Pacific coast, Escalante suggested.

Domínguez informed their superiors that the journey might "involve a roundabout route" because they wanted to visit the friendly, far-flung Utes and other unknown northerly tribes during the journey. Though Domínguez had already reported at length on Comanche ferocity, he wrote not at all of the possibility of colliding with these nomadic warriors along the expedition's projected northerly route.

There were other goals, unstated but implicit. Europeans long had conceived that a gold-opulent Atlantis culture flourished somewhere in the beyond, its civilized people expert at working metals. And the Columbus-posited shortcut to Asia—that rumored British Northwest Passage—was yet to be reached. Beginning with Cortés himself, conquistadores had sought to the American north both another, richer land of Montezuma and the Strait of Anián leading to Cathay.

Almost all eighteenth-century maps, British and French as well as Spanish, depicted, however hazily, both the fabled Great Sea and the Great River of the West and such Eldorados as Copala and Teguayo. What an accolade for those Spaniards first to reach such grandiose landmarks! Even the pious can be egoists.

THE CAVALCADE had planned to ride out—by coincidence—on the very day the Liberty Bell pealed to mark the end of British colonial rule far to the east. But a Comanche attack near Santa Fe contributed to postponement. With extra mounts, a mule packtrain, and a commissary of beef on the hoof, the ten men at last set forth from Santa Fe Plaza, itself already a historic 166 years old, on July 29, 1776.

Because Escalante kept its diary, the expedition would long bear his name. But as his ecclesiastical superior, Domínguez was in fact the leader, we have learned from documents unearthed recently.

While the first word on a huge region's geography, wildlife, and Indian culture, Escalante's chronicle almost appears to have set the tone for the fact-riveted works of many modern historians. Yet whimsy emerges as Escalante's stoicism and fanaticism become self-caricature in the face of persistent physical and mental duress. Add an occasional witticism that could only have been infused by the imaginative Domínguez, and we have a journal that admits of few peers in exploratory lore.

About forty-five miles from Santa Fe, the expedition passed its last night in civilization at mesa-topped Abiquiu. New Mexico's northwesternmost community, Abiquiu had been repeatedly abandoned under Comanche attack. The route thereto being well-trod, only thereafter did diarist Escalante become articulate. We can imagine him sitting on a fallen tree, as he inscribes his lines at nightfall. Five days out he wrote:

"We came to a small plain of abundant pasturage which is

This article is based on the book Without Noise of Arms: The 1776 Domínguez-Escalante Search for a Route from Santa Fe to Monterey *by Walter Briggs, with paintings by Wilson Hurley and a foreword by C. Gregory Crampton, just released by the Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona. The paintings accompanying the article have been selected from the book.*

THE ROUTE OF THE DOMINGUEZ-ESCALANTE EXPEDITION IS TRACED ON THE MAP ON PAGES 14-15.

very pleasing to the sight, because it produces some flowers whose color is between purple and white and which, if they are not carnations, are very much like carnations. . . . Here there are also groves of *lemitas* [skunkbush or squawbush], a red fruit the size of the blackthorn. In freshness and taste it is very similar to the lemon, so that in this country it is used as a substitute for lemons in making refreshing drinks."

Our wayfarers swung northwest into Colorado along the San Juan River. Always on the lookout for mission sites, Escalante affirmed that the land there was good, "with facilities for irrigation and everything else necessary for three or four good settlements."

New Mexico's Pueblo Indians had been malleable because they were sedentary. For the nomadic Indians of this area to be brought under civil control, the Spaniards realized they must be rooted into fixed communities—dragooned into what the United States one day would call reservations. In these communities the nomads also would dedicate themselves to Christ. Or so the Spaniards hoped.

Along the vagrant Dolores River, two mixed-bloods from Abiquiu caught up with the expedition. "We did not need them," Escalante wrote, "but to prevent mischief which either through ignorance or malice they might commit by traveling alone" among the Utes, "we accepted them as companions."

Where the Dolores nears the Utah line, well above Monterey's latitude, the travelers could have veered northwest; crossed the Colorado River at Moab; skirted the tortuous Utah terrain to Castle Dale; then headed southwest, following the Sevier River in part, to Las Vegas; eventually crossed the Mojave Desert to San Gabriel Mission; and from there journeyed on to Monterey via California's well-beaten Camino Real. A satellite topographical map could have told them that! In fact, only a few decades later trappers and traders would hit upon this as the preferred of several routes to be known collectively as the Old Spanish Trail to California.

Not until twenty-three days beyond Abiquiu did our travelers meet their first Indians. From these Indians, stray family-band Utes, they learned that a Ute tribe to the northeast was presently host to a number of other Utes who lived to the northwest "in pueblos like those of New Mexico" and who were called the Ute equivalent of Lagunas (Lake People) because their pueblos bordered a big lake. A malleable, sedentary people! Might not the lake be the Great Sea of the West? And might not their settlement be the fabled Copala or Teguayo? To enlist a Laguna guide to lead them to these people, the travelers now careened in an easterly direction that would eventually have led them to Monmouth rather than Monterey.

On August 31 the cavalcade crossed the Gunnison River, the farthest that their guide had previously advanced into the unknown. From there on it was all trailblazing. After the Indians, of course.

Eventually that Ute tribe hosting the Lagunas was found

BLACK MESA—CALLED LA MESILLA BY DOMINGUEZ—DOMINATES THIS PROSPECT IN SAN ILDEFONSO PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO. HERE THE EXPEDITION CROSSED THE RIO GRANDE (FOREGROUND) ON JULY 29, 1776.

"On the 29th day of July of the year 1776 . . .
we set out from the town of
Santa Fe [and] traveled nine leagues."

east of Colorado's Grand Mesa. Its chiefs, warning that Comanches to the northwest would ambush the wayfarers, argued against their continuing lest the Santa Fe government attribute the inevitable massacre to the Utes rather than the Comanches. And these Utes also refused to permit any of the tribe who were visiting them to guide the expedition to the Laguna homeland. The Spanish assertion that "God would defend us" carried no weight with these Indians.

Some of the expedition were just as apprehensive, be it emphasized, for the Comanches were feared everywhere. As legends on expedition member Miera's maps would have it, the Comanches excelled "all nations in their dexterity and hardiness" and had "made themselves lords and masters" of the entire region.

Determined to reach the Laguna pueblos, Domínguez and Escalante at last prevailed through Toledo-keen will. A Laguna Indian guide, named Silvestre after Escalante himself, was provided; a Laguna youth, called Joaquín after another of their number, also attached himself to the group. Had they known, the wayfarers could have taken satisfaction at this point that they had moseyed their farthest east—after advancing only about 120 miles toward Monterey during some 275 crow-flight miles of travel.

Near Grand Valley the explorers forded the mighty Colorado River, which they knew they must cross but didn't recognize as such. North of there a junction of streams had them yipping like coyotes. Silvestre, the Laguna guide, urged the group to proceed north up Clear Creek to avoid a "very bad hill" to the west. But most of the men, fearing a Comanche attack to the north, argued for the western route. Over objections from Domínguez and Escalante as well, the cortege did turn west, or to its left, up Roan Creek. A campsite nearby was appropriately named La Contraguía —"The Mule That Pulls to the Left."

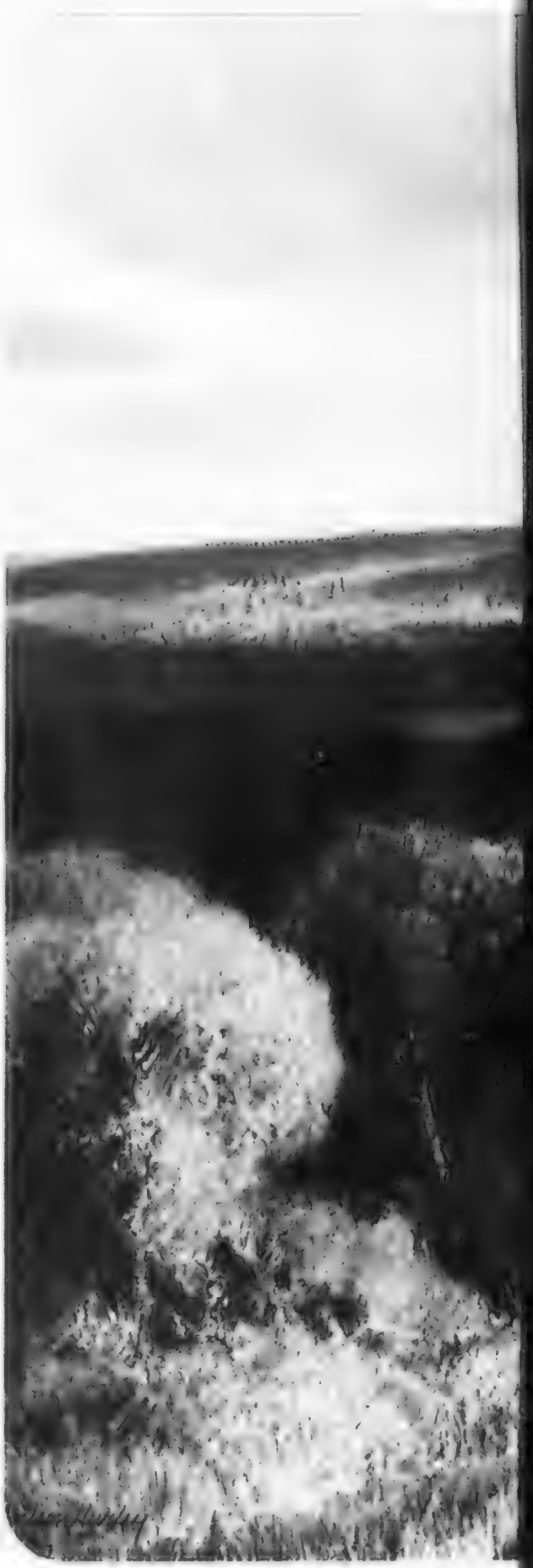
Such chile-pungent wit, foreign to Escalante's nature, almost certainly flowed from the vast vocabulary of Father Domínguez.

For the record, Silvestre's bad hill vindicated the good faith of this "infidel" guide. Horses and pack mules tripped and tottered on its scarp.

In crossing into Utah the companions—now close to the latitude of Oregon—neared their most northern point. Though Miera's astrolabe told them so, Escalante recorded no pertubation at being so far off course. In any event, they were finally heading almost due west.

By then, having fed their Ute hosts most liberally, they seem to have run out of cattle. Two buffalo were run down. It is probable that spears were thrust into the lumbering bisons' hearts in the manner of New Mexican *ciboleros* on the plains.

An arrow's range from present-day Dinosaur National Monument the explorers forded the turbulent Green River. They didn't comprehend that the Green, which they called the San Buenaventura, was the fountainhead of the Colorado.



LA SIERRA DE LA PLATA . . . LOOKING NORTHWEST TOWARD LA PLATA MOUNTAINS FROM TWO MILES SOUTHEAST OF HESPERUS, COLORADO, NEAR WHERE THE PARTY CAMPED ON AUGUST 9, 1776

August 9-10: "We . . . swung west through valleys of very beautiful timber and abundant pasturage, roses, and various other flowers."

Indeed, they seemed to tell themselves it was the main stream of an unrelated river system—a conception, as we shall see, with wonderful consequences.

After picking their way amid the crevasse-cleaved foothills of the Uintas, our explorers descended the western slopes of the Wasatch Range. They broke into Utah Lake near Spanish Fork on September 23, 1776.

All about them, the lakeside meadows were in flames, an unavailing defensive measure by the Lagunas, who later explained that they thought the explorers were Comanches. These Utes—properly called the Timpanogotzis—met a vanguard Domínguez "with weapons in their hands to defend their homes." Guide Silvestre quickly pacified his kinsmen.

Their "homes" turned out to be not the anticipated multiroomed, multistoried enclaves of the New Mexico pueblos, but "little huts" of willow, mere *wikiups*. While the Timpanogotzis were of "good features," their "most decent" clothing, when they were clothed at all, was of meager buckskin and rabbit fur. Not even farmers, they hunted small game and gathered wild plants. Clearly this was no Eldorado. Yet there is no recorded dismay from the padres. By not mentioning what they had not found, they perhaps hoped to avoid a Spanish loss of face resulting from an unrealized dream.

The Timpanogotzis stood in awe at guide Silvestre's bombast over the padres' fearlessness in the face of Comanche peril, at young Joaquín's clinging to Domínguez as if he were a blood father, at priestly promises of a beneficient God and the Spanish way of life. When Domínguez and Escalante pledged to return the following year with the full accouterments of God and King—churchly moral and colonial civil authority—the Indians were delighted. They had no inkling of what the Pueblos had long since learned: that these accouterments meant a revolution, largely unwelcome, in their way of life.

FROM THE TIMPANOGOTZIS our leaders learned of a "much larger" lake a few leagues north, with "noxious" waters in which one "immediately feels much itching." They heard that a wide river flowed west out of this, our Great Salt Lake. And nearby, they were told, lived a tribe that "made the tips of their arrows, lances, and war clubs of a yellow meal," presumably copper.

Diarist Escalante merely recorded such intelligence. Why didn't our explorers ride pell-mell to this river and these coppersmiths? "Inexplicable," observes historian Bernard De Voto, for "surely their first duty was to explore any such river as a possible route to Monterey." We can only conjecture that our padres, disappointed in the Timpanogotzi "pueblos," by now had run out of patience with fancy.

Jack-of-all-trades Miera was probably a raging minority of one in arguing for such an enterprise. In fact, Miera's maps would show a river wide enough for a Spanish armada flowing from Great Salt Lake. Though cut off by the map's borders, this river implicitly ran west to the Pacific. The

THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS LOOM TO THE WEST OF THE EXPEDITION'S CAMPSITE ALONG BEAVER CREEK, UTAH, WHERE THE TRAVELERS WERE SNOWBOUND DURING OCTOBER 5-7, 1776. AFTER ONE MORE DAY ON THE TRAIL THE PADRES ABANDONED THEIR ATTEMPT TO REACH MONTEREY.

October 5-7:
"God willed that at nine o'clock at night
it should cease to snow, hail, and rain."

Great Sea and Great River of the West! In a letter to King Carlos III of Spain, Miera would suggest that along this river "were large settlements in which lived civilized Indians." Copala! Teguayo!

Though Domínguez and Escalante couldn't have known it, fact of course upholds them and not Miera, for no river drains Great Salt Lake.

The Timpanogotzis gave our explorers a new guide and also permitted an eager Joaquín to go on with them. To the southwest, now more on course for Monterey, they came upon the Sevier River. Nearby Utes said that this river flowed into another lake and "emerging from that lake, [the river] continued west." Again, there is no such effluent.

Miera and the others had made the Green River central, as we know, to a drainage system separate from the Colorado's. Miera now would lift the Green, which he called the San Buenaventura, over intervening mountains, a hydrologic impossibility, and identify it with the Sevier. Sevier Lake its cartographer humbly named Laguna de Miera. Though his map borders again clipped off the explicit, he clearly believed that the San Buenaventura ran on through his Laguna to the Pacific. A second Great River of the West!

The Spanish called the tribe inhabiting this region the Yutas Barbones because of their full beards. "In features they looked more like Spaniards than like the other Indians hitherto known to America." Solved then was the mystery of that mysterious European colony, wrote Escalante.

"They are very poor; they use no arms, other than their arrows and some lances of flint, nor have they any other breastplate, helmet or shoulder-piece than that which they brought out from the belly of their mothers." Pahvants, ethnologists call this tribe, meaning "Water People" in Ute.

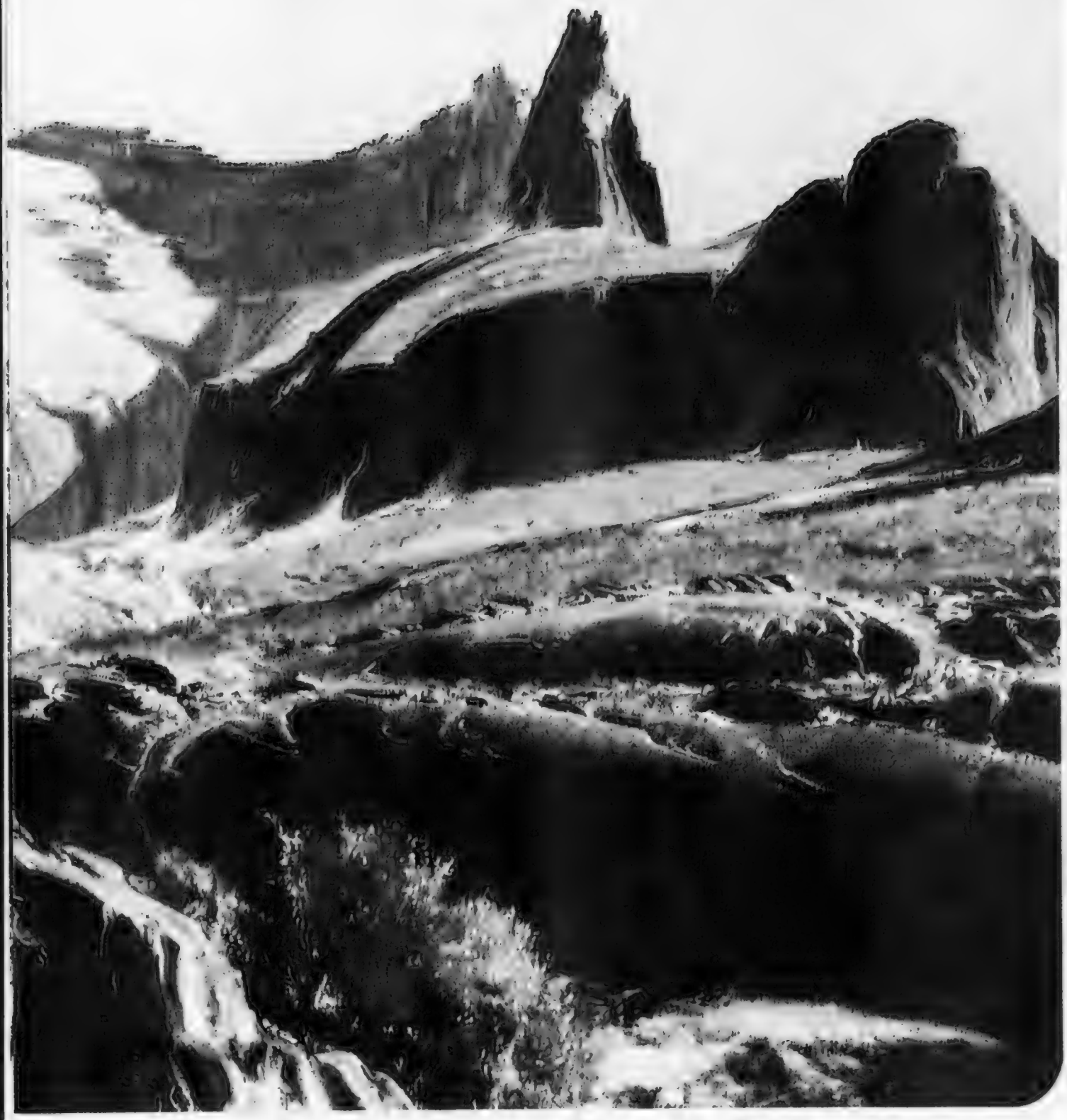
Coming up on what is now called the Escalante Desert, the travelers were stalled for three days by a blizzard. It appears that their only protection, aside from the padres' blue cassocks and their companions' short-sleeved wool or leather jackets, were poncho-blankets, as Escalante nowhere mentions tents. In their misery, the padres looked up to the later-named San Francisco Mountains to the west, toward Monterey. On peaks that rise some five thousand feet above the plain, snow loomed heavy.

"We feared that long before we arrived the passes would be closed and we would be delayed for two or three months in some sierra, where there might be no people nor any means of obtaining necessary sustenance, for our provisions were already low, and so we would expose ourselves to death from hunger if not from cold."

So on October 8, 1776, the padres decided to give up on Monterey. They would return to Santa Fe, with the middle Colorado River their immediate goal. While God had advised them, they said, to make this decision, did they now criticize themselves for that wide detour to the north?

Recrimination indeed seethed unrepressed from Miera, who "maintained that we would have arrived within a week"

LA PURISIMA CONCEPECION DE LA VIRGEN SANTISIMA. . . . HERE, NEAR THE MODERN-DAY UTAH-ARIZONA BORDER, THE PARTY CAMPED AFTER CROSSING THE COLORADO RIVER. MAJESTIC RAINBOW PLATEAU, ARIZONA, LIES AHEAD ALONG THE ROUTE FOR NOVEMBER 8, 1776



November 8:
"Today we found many tracks
of Indians but saw none."

at Monterey—still about 520 air miles away! Miera "had conceived great hopes of honor and profit by merely reaching Monterey, and had communicated these hopes to the others, building great castles in the air," Escalante wrote. Disappointed, Miera and some others became "very insubordinate."

North of modern Cedar City, after communal prayers for a reaffirmation of God's advice, lots were cast. We don't know how the gambling was conducted, but the dice were loaded, so to speak, in God's favor—a prescient touch in that they were not far from modern Las Vegas. "Now, thank God, we all agreeably and gladly accepted this result."

Miera agreeable? While the padres' decision was the sane one, their own youthfulness promised ample time in the future to attain their "honor." But for Miera, probably in his sixties, there would be no future. He surely felt cheated of verifying his imaginative deductions about the two lakes and two rivers, and his premise about those "civilized Indians" to the west.

The party now stumbled south through what Utahans call their Dixie because it is so lush, then into the Arizona Strip, a semidesert obverse. Food gave out, and water became hard to find. The Hispanos were reduced to Indian menu: grass seeds and prickly-pear-cactus fruit. Tabu even to the Utes, they ate a porcupine. At a camp north of the Kaibab Plateau, they were forced to slaughter the first of six horses for sustenance.

This was the country of the Paiutes, kin to the Utes. But almost all had fled when they glimpsed these strange intruders and their outlandish beasts of burden. Once a remaining elderly few beseeched Joaquín: "Little brother, you are of the same race as ourselves. Do not permit these people . . . to kill us." Joaquín, a Kipling's Kim in his resourcefulness, quieted them.

That night, Miera, who was ailing from the grass-seed diet, and some other companions took part in the chanting of a Paiute curing rite. When the padres heard about this the next morning, they took both Hispanos and Indians to task for having been "openly idolatrous."

Escalante, so recently out of the cloister, thundered loudest, we may believe, for Domínguez's reports on New Mexico recognized that the church had long since accommodated itself to Indian ritual. At fiesta time, mass at the mission preceded native dances on the adjacent plaza, the latter reminding Domínguez of Spanish "*contradanses* or minuets."

Escalante also used this occasion to censure their guide and others for having gone among the Utes and Navajos not only in "their greed for peltry" but to "remain with them for that of the flesh, obtaining there its brutal satisfaction." In his diary Escalante wrote, "Oh, with what severity ought such evils be met!" One would hate to have faced juror Escalante at the Inquisition.

The Indians of the area were so timid that they would not guide the expedition on to the Colorado. To the Hispanos they became Payuchis Cobardes, unsporting Timid Paiutes.

ACOMA, THE SKY CITY PUEBLO IN NEW MEXICO, WAS THE EXPEDITION'S STOPPING PLACE DURING DECEMBER 16-20, 1776. IN THIS VIEW, "KATZIMO" (ENCHANTED MESA) EMERGES GHOSTLIKE THROUGH DISTANT SNOW FLURRIES.

December 16-20:
"There fell a heavy snow which prevented us from continuing as soon as we desired."

On October 26, square on present Lees Ferry, "we arrived at the Rio Grande," as the middle Colorado was then called. That's all. After weeks of groping toward this great river, Escalante becomes a sphinx. Yet only a handful of Spaniards had looked upon the middle Colorado since a detachment of the Coronado Expedition had peered into the Grand Canyon in 1540 and decided that to cross it was beyond human power.

At this deltaic confluence of the Paria and Colorado rivers, our explorers roped together a raft. The Colorado's current was strong, fourteen-foot poles couldn't touch the bottom, and a contrary wind blew up such "waves" that, in three tries, they were "unable to reach even the middle."

Those two strays from Abiquiu, they whom "we did not need," now became veritable Leanders. But while negotiating the Colorado's hundred-yard width themselves, they advised the others that swimming it would be too much even for the horses.

The camp here was called San Benito Salsipuedes—*Sal-si-puedes*, "Get Out If You Can." There is, of course, no such saint. This grim appellation may have derived from a Spanish play on words long since forgotten, historian Fray Angelico Chavez speculates to this writer. The Inquisition forced certain of its convicted to wear a habit called a San Benito, he relates. These victims surely would have wanted out of it.

Again credit must be given Domínguez for a show of wit.

Except for retracing their hoofprints, the companions' only recourse was to seek a wider, shallower ford farther up the Colorado. The group gypsied back and forth between Arizona and Utah in search of that ford. On November 5 they camped in Utah beneath a "high mesa" they named for Santa Francisca Romana. (Through efforts of Professors C. Gregory Crampton and David E. Miller of the University of Utah, U.S. Geological Survey maps today carry this as Romana Mesa, the only one of the expedition's sainted campsites to be so preserved.)

On November 7, thirteen days after first reaching the Colorado, the explorers at last found a place to cross it. Along a tributary canyon, they hacked steps out of rock for the animals to descend. Gear was lowered by lasso. Those once-unwanted Abiquiu mixed-bloods tested the bottom. "We waited, although in some peril, until the first wader returned from the other side to guide us and then we crossed not having to swim at all."

Just inside Utah, this was the first fording by non-Indians of any point in the Colorado's canyon lands. Of all sites recorded by the expedition, this is the best known today. Our friars hallowed it for the Virgin Mary. Others would have the last word in naming it: El Vado de los Padres.

Today the Crossing of the Fathers lies beneath man-made Lake Powell. While being boated over the site not long ago, this writer asked a National Park Service navigator for a fathometer reading. "About four hundred fifty feet." A moment later I repeated the question. "About fifty feet." Drowned though it is, to cross the ford was still a thrill two centuries later.

In the face of gale and more snow, our explorers rode across a western segment of today's vast Navajo Reservation. Reaching the Hopi pueblos—familiar territory—they became mere travelers again.

Once vassals, the Hopis had rejected Christianity and fought off Spanish rule for the past century. During Escalante's visit to their mesas the year before, he had tried to reconvert and resubjugate them. "I achieved only the sorrow of leaving them in their obstinancy."

But now the Hopi pueblos were being decimated by Navajo raids. Would the Santa Fe government send soldiers, pleaded Hopi chiefs, to help them fight off the marauders? In this appeal our padres heard "one of the finest of opportunities" to induce the Hopis to return to the faith and vassalage.

But when the priests implied that any prospective military support would be linked to Spanish religion and rule, the Hopis rebelled. They felt "it was better to suffer their present troubles and calamities than to violate [their] traditions" because "the old men had told them and counseled them never to subject themselves to the Spaniards." The Hopis had learned full well what the Timpanogotzis hadn't envisioned.

In "taking advantage of the afflictions," the padres had overplayed their hand, Escalante wrote, as if beside himself with rage.

Unscarred physically, after having gone, in their *macho*, without noise of arms, the companions returned to Santa Fe on January 2, 1777. Though Monterey had eluded them by more than half its distance, they had covered upward of two thousand miles and explored more virgin territory than Lewis and Clark would pioneer three decades later. There are no known records of Mexico City's reaction to their undertaking.

Of their stated objectives, only communing with unknown Indians and coming upon that mysterious colony, such as it was, had been attained. Viceroy Bucareli never did get his northerly route through mysterious regions; California's population remained small for decades. And neither our padres nor anyone else made that promised return to colonize and Christianize the Timpanogotzis. It would be years before others rode most parts of the route Escalante had described.

A chief reason was that Spain, taking advantage of the American Revolutionary War, spent much of her scanty New World soldiery and armaments against her seemingly eternal enemy, the British—though not, *¡Caramba!*, in ideological support of an independence movement that might further inflame her own colonies. With this effort, Spain's final colonizing spasm became her colonizing death throes.

As to Spain's rivals, the Russians did reach California, but in peaceful trading ventures that are remembered by history mainly for a tragic romance between an amiable count and a San Francisco señorita. And the British planted themselves

on the upper Pacific Coast when the Spaniards could no longer do anything effective about it.

Those dreaded Comanches? California explorer Juan Bautista de Anza, becoming governor of New Mexico, dealt them a crippling defeat in 1779 near present Pueblo, Colorado. Anza further distinguished himself by negotiating a peace with the Comanches that lasted until United States territorial times.

When he was about thirty, Escalante died of natural causes at Parral, a town on the Camino Real, while riding south to Mexico City. And Domínguez, having scored many frontier priests for drunkenness and sexual misbehavior, was consigned to the oblivion of frontier parishes; he died at about sixty-five at Janos presidio in Chihuahua. As for happy-go-lucky young Joaquín, a diligent search of baptismal records by Dr. Myra Ella Jenkins, New Mexico's state historian, provided no clue. Perhaps in his resourcefulness, the lad made his way back to his unbaptized Timpanogotzis.

Our expedition—a futile effort? Ah, but the Great River—nay, Great Rivers—of the West. Miera maps, as revised by fellow Hispanos, provoked a cartographic extravaganza. Baron Alexander von Humboldt, Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery (Pikes Peak) Pike, and Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark appropriated his seas and rivers for maps of their own that became world famous. (In the plagiarism, Miera, who died in 1785, even lost his namesake, Laguna de Miera, which became Sevier Lake.)

Scores of trader-trapper explorers, the likes of beau-ideal Jedediah Smith, spent decades hunting for Miera's waterways as they ranged the West. Of all such notions, writes Dale L. Morgan in *The Great Salt Lake*, Miera's San Buenaventura River to the sea "lasted longest, died hardest and left the most enduring impress on history."

Miera's San Buenaventura died in 1844 at a Utah Lake campsite near where the Domínguez-Escalante Expedition had treated with the Timapongotzis sixty-eight years earlier. Captain John C. Frémont, on the second of his five expeditions, concluded there that the entire region from Utah's Wasatch Mountains west to California's Sierra Nevada had "no connection with the sea." He named it the Great Basin.

It remained for the Bicentennial to resurrect the Domínguez-Escalante Expedition as one of history's epics of high adventure—of a piece with the narratives of a Frémont, a Stanley in Africa, a Lawrence in Arabia. Dozens of trail sites have been marked for tourists. Scores of communities along the line of march are celebrating the dates the cavalcade passed by. And a rugged band of horsemen is riding in its hoofprints.

"Because everything stated in this diary is true and faithful to what happened and was observed in our journey, we signed it . . . on the third day of January of the year 1777."

Fray Francisco Atanasio Domínguez
Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante

Walter Briggs, *who lives in Fresno, California, long was a* New York Herald Tribune *correspondent in Asia, then for five years was editor of* New Mexico *magazine.*

Wilson Hurley *of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is recognized as one of the nation's premier landscape artists. He was elected to membership in the National Academy of Western Art in 1973.*

FOR AN ARTICLE ON THE FORTHCOMING DOMINGUEZ-ESCALANTE BICENTENNIAL EXPEDITION, TURN TO PAGE 54.

JULY FOURTH, 1789

First Independence Day Celebration on the North American Pacific Coast

by Dagny B. Hansen

ON JULY FOURTH, 1789, a group of Boston mariners staged the first United States Independence Day celebration ever held on the North American Pacific Coast. The festivities, which were witnessed by an unusual assemblage of Englishmen, Spaniards, native Americans, Chinese, and even a Hawaiian and an Indian from Bengal, took place on the waters of Nootka Sound, along the west shore of what is now Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

At a time when the United States was still a fledgling, almost powerless nation with her population largely confined to the eastern seaboard, when her finances were in disarray and her shipping in a shambles, and when the territory west of the Mississippi River was largely in Spanish hands, a Fourth of July celebration on the distant and little-known north Pacific Coast was an extraordinary occasion.

It was remarkable not only because of the location, but because the patriotic Boston mariners who celebrated their country's independence that day at Nootka Sound found themselves at the same time caught in the middle of a power struggle between England and Spain, who both hoped to control Nootka and its valuable fur trade.

Spain's claim to the American Pacific Coast dated back to 1493, but her specific claim to Nootka Sound was based on the expedition of Captain Juan José Pérez in 1774. In that year, Pérez, in command of the 225-ton frigate *Santiago*, sailed north from San Blas in Mexico with instructions to explore the foggy northwest coast and so reinforce Spanish sovereignty there. Hoping to check possible expansion by the Russians, who were known to be trading in the Aleutians, Pérez reached the southern tip of the Alaskan panhandle before being turned back by adverse winds. On the return trip to Mexico, he anchored off the entrance to what would later become known as Nootka Sound and traded with the Indians there for sea otter pelts and other furs.

Two years later, the British sent Captain James Cook, in command of the warships *Resolution* and *Discovery*, to explore the northwest coast of America in search of a northwest passage. Cook's expedition arrived at Nootka in the spring of 1778. The English visitors, like Pérez, traded with the Indians for sea otter pelts. Cook's men later sold the pelts at fantastic prices in Canton and thereby stumbled on not only an abundant source of supply but a new market for the precious fur.

Once the new commerce became known to the world, it was inevitable that others would take advantage of such a lucrative opportunity. British merchants in the Far East in 1785 were the first to participate; several years later the

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, VICTORIA, B.C.

When Spaniards seized British ships and men on the Northwest Coast in 1789 (above), Americans found themselves unintentionally embroiled in "The Incident at Nootka."

Americans, desperate for trade possibilities, followed suit.

In September 1787, two American ships, the *Columbia Rediviva* under Captain John Kendrick and the *Lady Washington* under Captain Robert Gray, set out from Boston for Northwest waters via Cape Horn. When the Americans finally arrived at Nootka in September 1788, they found two British-owned ships already anchored in the sound and a schooner under construction ashore. By this time the fur trading season was already nearly over, and the British ships soon left, one bound for China and the other, along with the new schooner, for Hawaii. The Americans, however, spent the winter at Nootka.

While the American and English traders were sharing the waters of Nootka, the Spanish were preparing to send two ships north from Mexico to solidify their claim to the sound by building a fort there.

In the spring of 1789, two of the same British ships, the *Ifigenia Nubiana* and the *Northwest America,* returned to Nootka from Hawaii, and shortly afterward the two Spanish ships, the *Princesa* and the *San Carlos,* arrived from Mexico. Remote Nootka Sound was suddenly becoming very crowded. A clash between the two colonial powers was almost inevitable, for Nootka was important to both Spain and England, first, as a source of valuable furs and second, as the best-located port then known north of San Francisco.

During May and June, Estéban José Martínez, who was in charge of the well-armed Spanish expedition, managed to send the British ship *Ifigenia* out of the sound with orders not to return and to seize the British schooner *Northwest America* as a prize. He permitted the Americans, however, to come and go freely. Spain and the new United States had been recent allies of a sort, as Spain had declared war on England in 1779 and thereby indirectly aided the American colonies during their revolution. During the entire episode, the Americans wined and dined with both the Spanish and English mariners, maintaining a tenuous neutrality in the power struggle for Nootka Sound.

The Spanish commander had no sooner banished the *Ifigenia* and turned to the business of building his fort than another British trading vessel, the *Princess Royal,* arrived from China. Martínez ordered it out of the harbor, and for a while all was quiet again. Then on July 2 still another British ship from China, the *Argonaut* under Captain James Colnett, sailed into the sound. Colnett's trading company had given him overall responsibility for all British ships at Nootka, as well as the authority to build additional vessels there. Consequently he carried about thirty Chinese laborers and building materials and provisions for a settlement.

Colnett was surprised and distressed to find the Spanish already at Nootka, but he made no secret of his plans to build there, using Cook's visit in 1778 as the basis for the British claim to the region. But on July 3 his plans came to an abrupt halt when Martínez, determined to prevent any British foothold at Nootka, seized the *Argonaut* and took Colnett and his crew prisoner. The situation was tense that night at Nootka Sound.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, just as the sun rose over the horizon, the thunderous noise of cannons boomed across the sound. But the cannon fire did not mark the start of a Spanish-English battle, as some of the imprisoned sailors may have believed at first. It was the Fourth of July, and regardless of the international imbroglio at Nootka Sound, the Americans had decided to celebrate.

Though the Americans left no account of their celebration that day, the British and Spanish both had something to say on the subject.

In 1790 a pamphlet about the events at Nootka was published in London under the pseudonym "Argonaut." The author, thought to be John Cadman Etches, one of the owners of the British ships at Nootka in 1789, complained that not only had the British *Argonaut* been seized, but "to aggravate the insult to the British nation, the anniversary of the American Independence was commemorated with every demonstration of joy; the English flag, which 'til then had been flying on board the *Argonaut*, was hauled down and the Spanish flag hoisted."

The Spanish commander at Nootka, Martínez, also described the celebration. In his journal entry for "Saturday, July 4, 1789," he noted that at dawn the United States ship *Columbia* had sounded off with a salvo of thirteen guns, followed by more salvos at intervals throughout the day "in commemoration of the thirteenth anniversary of the separation of the English Americans of the Boston Congress . . . from England." (The term "Boston Congress" was probably a misunderstanding resulting from the language barrier.)

The main event of the Fourth of July celebration, as described by the Spanish commander, was a festive dinner served aboard the *Columbia*, to which its captain, Kendrick, invited the officers, chaplains, and missonaries of the Spanish ships as well as the British officers from the *Argonaut*.

Extending an invitation to the British was something of an ambiguous gesture. The fact that the British had so recently fought the Americans and lost might have been overlooked, but that they were now prisoners of the Spaniards could not be so easily ignored. There is no mention in the records that any British officers did attend.

At dinner aboard the *Columbia*, toasts were exchanged, followed by a thirteen-gun salute from the ship, which Martínez ordered returned by thirteen salvos from the *San Carlos* and even more from the new Fort Miguel. The Spanish *Princesa's* guns were loaded with ball and grapeshot, and the *Washington* was absent on a trading voyage—otherwise they, too, would probably have sounded off. It must have been a noisy day in that remote corner of the northwest Pacific Coast.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, the events at Nootka did not end there, but created an international stir that almost brought on a European war. The controversy was peacefully settled, however, by the Nootka Convention of 1790, which gave England shipping rights at Nootka Sound. Partly as a result of this accord, Spain's power on the American Northwest Coast was seriously eroded.

While still in the Pacific, the American captains, Kendrick and Gray, traded commands. Kendrick in the *Lady Washington* remained in the Pacific and was killed several years later in Hawaii. Gray in the *Columbia* sailed to Canton, sold the sea otter pelts collected at Nootka, and brought his ship around the Cape of Good Hope and safely home to Boston, loaded with tea and China goods. The sailors of the *Columbia* were not only the first to celebrate the Fourth of July on the American Pacific Coast, but were also the first to carry the flag of their new nation clear around the world.

Two years later, the enterprising Gray returned to Nootka for more furs. While in the Northwest he also entered a great river unknown to the English and Spanish and named it the Columbia after his ship. His discovery was of profound importance, for it gave the young United States its first foothold on the Pacific Coast.

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Dagny B. Hansen, *formerly a historian with the United States Military Historical Program, is now a free-lance writer. The above article is the result of research for a book on the sea otter trade in the North Pacific.*

THE FRONTIER AS VIEWED BY THE EASTERN PRESS

THE WEST IN 1876

BY JOHN DAVID BAKER

IN 1876, many of America's forty-six million people knew only that part of their nation that lay east of the Mississippi River. For these Americans, the vast western half of the country, though it contained almost one-fourth of the population, was a world apart.

Much of the eastern view of the frontier was hazy and distorted, fed by a spectacular diet of dime novels, Wild West shows, tales of gold, and stories of daring outlaws and Indian fighters. Yet during the 1870s Easterners were moving west in ever-increasing numbers, doubling the population of the western states in the space of a decade, quintupling that of Colorado. And by 1876 the eastern press was responding to the migration by sending its correspondents out in increasing numbers to report back about the frontier. In that Centennial Year newspapermen from New York and other major cities covered the day-by-day progress of the army's Sioux campaign, explored the Black Hills to find out the truth about the gold rush there, rode with Buffalo Bill Cody and helped make him a legend, and investigated at first hand a robust California that boasted it was superior to the East in all respects. During 1876 news about the West began to compete for space with the scandals of the Grant Administration, the capture of "Boss" Tweed, and the 1876 Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

A MILITARY DISASTER

The most shocking event of the Centennial Year, more traumatic even than Rutherford B. Hayes's upset victory over Samuel Tilden for the presidency, was a western story, already many days old when it arrived on eastern editors' desks on July 6. Having just celebrated the glories of the hundred-year-old nation on July 4, readers reacted with disbelief to the first brief despatches: Maj. Gen. George A. Custer, a hero in the East, along with his entire command, had been slain by Indians on June 25. As more details were received on July 7, newspapers filled with accounts of the massacre.

"It is the opinion of army officers in Chicago, Washington, and Philadelphia, including Generals Sherman and Sheridan," the *New York Times* reported on the seventh, "that General Custer was imprudent to attack such a large number of Indians." Echoing this same view on its editorial page, the *Times* concluded that "General Custer was a brave, dashing, but somewhat imprudent soldier."

The Custer defeat was a blow to eastern readers for several reasons. First, the death of over two hundred and fifty soldiers was in itself shocking. Second, because few eastern papers up to that time had been giving serious coverage to Indian affairs, most readers had assumed that the Indian wars were virtually over. Now, with the army badly defeated, the extent of the Indian menace seemed impossible to judge. Finally, there was Custer himself. Eastern papers had placed great confidence in the colorful Civil War hero's skills as an Indian fighter. Now he was gone, slain by those the East had believed already vanquished.

As July moved on, the sense of tragedy grew. The *Detroit Free Press* reported to the nation that in Custer's home town of Monroe, Michigan, "every block and many private homes were heavily draped in mourning." The national wake brought forth recollections of Custer from scores who had known him. The *Indianapolis Journal* published a reminiscence of Custer's appearance in a Washington, D.C., parade in 1865: even then, it was recalled, he was "like a monument." Former soldiers called him "one of the bravest men" they had ever seen. Subscriptions for monuments were launched in many cities; Walt Whitman published "A Death Song for Custer" in the *New York Tribune*; Illinois named a town for him; and the nation's readers followed the return of Mrs. Custer from the West with grim interest.

Demands for revenge were the natural outcome of these events; such excesses finally prompted the editor of the *New York Times* to speak out strongly against the evolving national temper. "It is natural to mourn, to smart under defeat, wage war harder, but it is neither just nor decent that a Christian nation should yield itself to homicidal frenzy and clamor for the extermination of the savages by whose unexpected bravery we have been so sadly baffled."

Despite the efforts of the *Times* to restrain the public uproar, the burgeoning Indian war in the West inspired a host of sensational accounts in the press. A trapper named Ridgely described watching Indians fire "red hot arrows into . . . quivering flesh until [soldiers] died at stakes." Ridgely's account, which appeared in *The Pioneer Press and*

Tribune of St. Paul, was reprinted throughout the East.

Such stories often resulted in letters to the editor advocating extermination of the Indians as the only answer to the problem. Even those who knew better often saw no other solution. An unnamed American army officer summed up the position for many: the tragedy was unavoidable, the end inescapable. "I hope they [the army] will make a clean sweep for the benefit of civilization, though I must say that the Indians in this matter are in the right." Tracing the causes of the crisis to the greed of settlers and promoters and the stupidity of army commanders in the field, the officer concluded that though the Indians were rightfully defending their own lands, there was no other choice. "Still, should not civilization sometimes shut her eyes?" he asked.

Yet there were some who looked for alternative solutions. One of the most unusual ideas for ending the conflict was submitted by a lady from Boston. Her scheme was so simple and so much a part of her cultural milieu that it seemed completely sane to her. She proposed to solve two great social problems in a single stroke and at the same time prevent the deaths of untold numbers of young soldiers. The problem in the East was a lack of suitable servants, she noted, while the West suffered from an abundance of Indians. Therefore Indian women should be sent east to solve the servant shortage, while Indian men should be left west of the Mississippi, kept there if necessary by the army. This simple plan would eliminate the Indian within a few generations and without bloodshed.

HEROES, VILLAINS, AND GOLD

The Indian campaign of 1876 not only created the Custer legend but also raised the name of a man named William F. Cody to prominence in the East. Buffalo Bill Cody had already been the subject of a *New York Weekly* serial in which Edward Z. C. Judson (the Ned Buntline of the dime novels) had dubbed him "the King of the Border Men." From this series, Cody had garnered enough fame to tour eastern theaters for several seasons, returning to his scouting duties in the West each summer. Then the war of '76 and the skill of a *New York Herald* writer catapulted Cody into legend.

On July 23, 1776, the *Herald*'s correspondent reported that while he was riding with Cody, Lieutenant Charles King, and eight cavalry men, the group sighted thirty or forty Cheyennes preparing to ambush two couriers riding ahead of a supply train. As Cody and the others hurried to head off the ambush, "the Indians . . . turned savagely on Buffalo Bill and the little party. . . . Yellow Hand, a young Cheyenne brave, came foremost, singling out Bill as a foeman worthy of his steel. Cody cooly knelt, and taking deliberate aim, sent his bullet through the chief's leg and into his horse's head. . . . A second shot laid the redskin low."

The story was an immediate sensation in the eastern press. And when Cody telegraphed his wife in Rochester, New York, in early September that he was coming home since the Indians were tired of fighting, it was taken by the press as a sign that the war was all but over.

Cody headed home just as the *New York Weekly* began a serial about his encounter with Yellow Hand entitled "The Crimson Trail." The publicity engendered, particularly by the author's fictional description of Cody shouting "The first scalp for Custer" as he lifted Yellow Hand's hair, made Cody's show a wildly popular attraction, and he became one of the heroes of the era.

As Cody's career was rising to new heights, James Butler Hickok's was ending as an indirect result of the second big western story of 1876—the Black Hills gold rush. Wild Bill Hickok, a western scout who had been the subject of an 1867 article in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, joined the race for Black Hills gold in early 1876. He arrived in Deadwood on July 11 to stake out a claim, but a combination of gold fever and poker intervened. A bullet in the back on August 2 put an end to Wild Bill but not to his legend.

Hickok might have avoided that fateful bullet if he had more judiciously considered the Black Hills gold rush. At first, the eastern papers had carried glowing accounts of wealth in the Black Hills region. Letters in the press spoke of making four, five, or even seven dollars an hour in the gold fields. "If you're not making more than ten dollars a day—come out here" was the cry. With prospects dim in the East due to the then-existing depression, many who could scrape together a grubstake of as little as fifty dollars took off for the hills.

For those who stayed behind and read subsequent accounts, however, another story emerged. Beginning in February 1876, the *New York Times* published regular reports from its correspondent in the Black Hills. This reporter soon claimed that the gold rush was a hoax promoted by outfitters, saloon keepers, railroaders, and the western press to create "a monstrous delusion" solely for their own profit. "The only livelihood in the area," the correspondent asserted, "is that of selling whiskey."

Despite such warnings, men still continued to go to the Black Hills. The lure of gold was gloriously bright throughout the year.

Some men, however, pulled just as powerfully by the attraction of gold, obtained it by other means. For outlaws like the James brothers and their cousins the Youngers, the risks were not much different, the working hours shorter, and the likelihood of return far greater than in the Black Hills. By 1876, the James boys had acquired a decade of

"THE BATTLE ON THE LITTLE BIGHORN RIVER—THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF GENERAL CUSTER."
THIS WOODCUT, BASED ON A DRAWING BY WILLIAM M. CARY AND APPEARING IN THE NEW YORK GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR JULY 19, 1876, WAS THE FIRST PUBLISHED ILLUSTRATION OF THE CUSTER BATTLE.

experience in their trade, robbing eleven banks, three railroad trains, and three stagecoaches.

On May 9, 1876, twenty-five miles out of San Antonio, Texas, Frank and Jesse James, along with Cole Younger, held up the San Antonio-Austin mail coach. Searching and robbing the ten male passengers while gallantly sparing the lone lady, the bandits rode off to spend the three thousand dollars they had taken with the famed female outlaw known as Belle Starr.

Although the James boys would also rob a train in Missouri in 1876, it was their robbery of a Northfield, Minnesota, bank in September that was the sensation of the press. The robbery proved to be a violent and disastrous operation for the eight men who attempted it. Except for a few nickels thrown to the floor in disgust, the robbery was a failure. Moreover, two of the gang died, and the survivors had to flee Northfield with a posse in their wake. But with that celebrated chase the legend of the James boys grew even larger as eastern readers marveled at men so cunning and fierce that they could not only hold off but finally evade a posse swollen to four hundred men.

A STRANGE LAND

Again and again in 1876, the West seemed to show itself a place apart. Not only were its people swept up in human violence, but they were also subjected to a host of spectacular nature-caused perils. Even insects were devastating in their fury when loose on western lands. During August of 1876, grasshoppers were reported gobbling up every hint of green in California; by September they were consuming the hopes of Kansas farmers as well. "Today [September 8]," wrote a farmer from Saline County, Kansas, in a letter published in the *New York Times*, "I lost sixty acres of wheat eaten to the ground in less than an hour. . . . Tonight there is not a wheat plant left in any county about here."

The feeling of separation and difference was also increased by certain western customs that attracted eastern interest in 1876. One of the great concerns of that time was the Mormon institution of polygamy. The East was shocked to learn in mid-January that a petition signed by 22,626 women in Utah had requested the repeal of the Anti-Polygamy Law of 1862. It was hard for Easterners to believe, and

yet it was in the press. Americans, women no less, were arguing that this "affront to womanhood" should be continued in the name of religious freedom.

Undoubtedly there was a collective sigh of relief a week later when the eastern papers reported the petition had turned out to be a fraud, signed by women who believed they were petitioning for Utah's statehood or for free admission to the Centennial Exhibition or even for reduced railroad fares to Philadelphia. The case was truly a hoax, readers were assured, for the press had found many of the signatures were obvious forgeries.

Another group of special interest to the East was the western Oriental population. By 1876 there were 100,000 Chinese in the United States, mainly in California, and Easterners were intrigued by reports from San Francisco that to the consternation of election officials, a Chinese had voted in the presidential election of 1876. Billed in the East as "a political earthquake in California," the story of the Chinese's presentation of naturalization papers, his subsequent challenge by the startled board of elections, and the man's deft deposit of his ballot in the box before anyone could stop him, was greatly enjoyed by New Yorkers who had begun to relish any embarrassment of their San Francisco rivals.

Descriptions of the towns and cities of the West were also of interest. Few Easterners were surprised to read that in Carson City, Nevada, "the streets were composed of laundries, barrooms, and stockbrokers' offices." After all, that was the expected image of a boomtown. Nor were they startled at the *New York Times* correspondent's report that Virginia City was a place with "very few dwellings and very few children." It was a settlement where "two vices were notably prevalent—gambling and profanity." But what did amaze the correspondent and surely his readers, was that in such a desolate spot "one [could] obtain as good a dinner, as good a cigar, or as good a brand of Blue-Grass whiskey as in the best hotels of the Metropolis." There was culture, too, he reported. The Washoe Club of Virginia City stocked the *Saturday Review*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *London Times*. What is more, he marveled, "all of them appear to have been much read."

Other eastern reporters told of the beauty of San Antonio, speculated on the problems inherent in considering statehood for New Mexico with its large Mexican-American population, charged that Oklahoma's bid for statehood was nothing more than a grab for Indian land, and wrote with praise of the meeting of the first Colorado legislature on November 1, 1876. The portrait of the West was expanding rapidly.

But this journalistic appraisal was nowhere more intensely focused than on California. Column after column was written about the new coastal empire. Eastern reporters bristled with sectional anger as they encountered Californians who believed everything in their land was better than in the East. But some reporters struck back. Contemplating San Francisco's crude redwood-plank walks with protruding nails that tore women's dresses, one correspondent declared, "The pavements and sidewalks of San Francisco are simply the worst in the world." Another writer added, "It is well for Friscans [sic] to know that with all their bragging they are, in this matter, behind every nation on earth."

On a similar theme, Easterners were informed of the Californian's penchant for "vulgar magnificence." There was, a correspondent wrote, "a mania for big things . . . observable in everything," whether huge gold watches and rings or works of art. Californians were also accused of ruthlessly slashing away the land's picturesque heights as they hacked roads through their splendid hills.

For the benefit of eastern society readers, the *New York Times* also sent a correspondent to appraise the San Francisco social structure. Strange as California might seem, the writer reported back, at least its social pyramid was normal. Old-line southern families stood at the pinnacle; railroad aristocrats, second; banking, commercial, and professional groups, third; and a distant fourth, the mining elite. Gold and silver millionaires, the reporter told his readers, were socially "nothing, and in some instances, less than nothing." With this news, the eastern upper classes could relax as their own presumptions about the mining barons were confirmed.

A YEAR OF CHANGE

In 1876 the West, as the East imagined it and the press reported it, was still a land of Indian wars, bandits, and miners' broken dreams. But the West itself was undergoing enormous changes, the dimensions of which were never grasped by the press of that year, though there were clues in every story.

Few, if any, in that Centennial Year recognized that an era was already nearing its end. Barbed wire, introduced in 1874, was hastening the disappearance of the open range. The railroad, with its migrants and farmers, was not only bringing more people to the West, but laying the foundations for a new economy dominated by Chicago slaughterhouses and Sears, Roebuck catalogues. The buffalo was disappearing and with it the livelihood of two hundred thousand Indians whose days of effective resistance would soon be over. Fourteen years later, the Census Bureau would officially proclaim the close of the frontier.

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SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

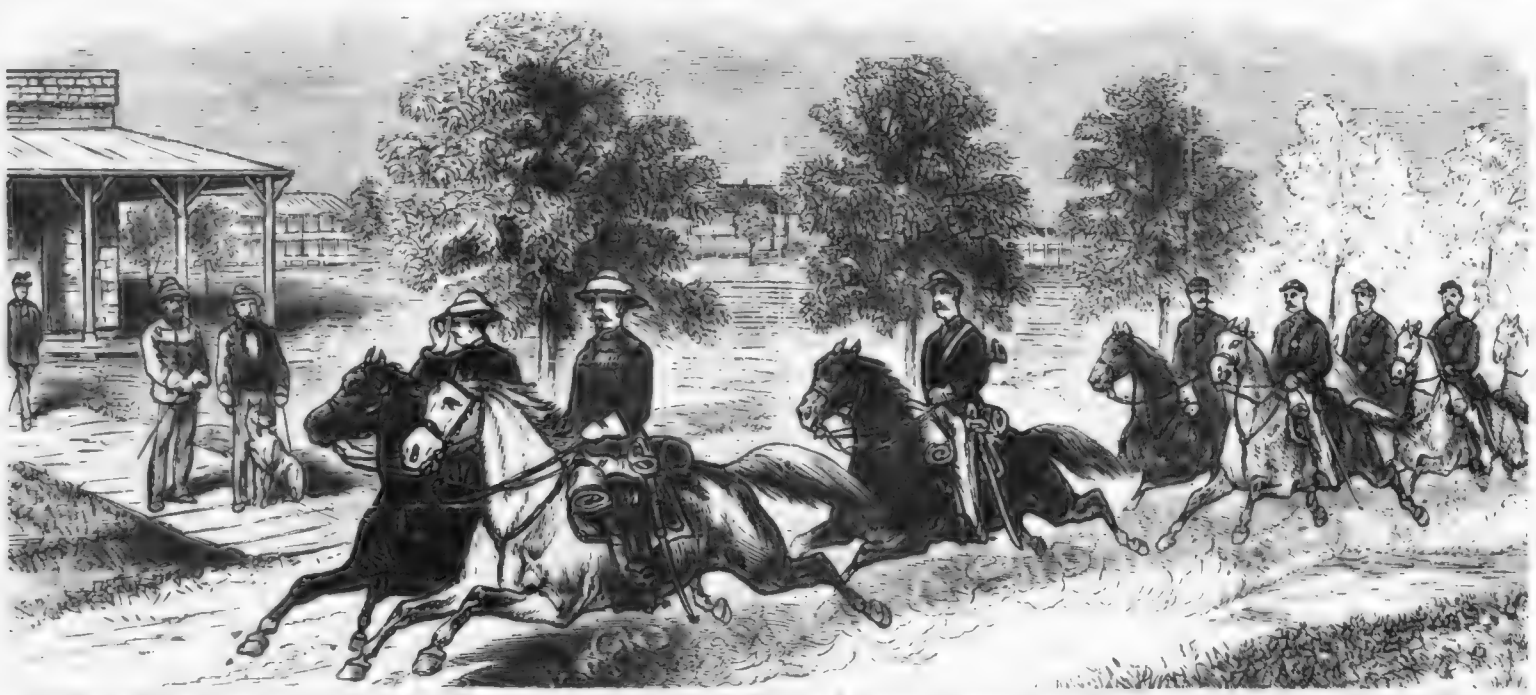
1876 NEW YORK SUPPLEMENT GRATIS

SPECIAL AMERICAN WEST EDITION: THE CENTENNIAL YEAR IN REVIEW

WYOMING TERRITORY—THE SIOUX WAR—A CROW WARRIOR IN GENERAL CROOK'S COMMAND "CRYING FOR SCALPS."
FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES ST. G. STANLEY—SEE PAGE 50.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE ARTICLES AND NOTES ON THE FOLLOWING FOURTEEN PAGES WERE SELECTED FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE YEAR 1876 AND PROVIDE A CROSS-SECTION OF WESTERN EVENTS FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

THE UNITED STATES FLOTILLA STEAMING UP THE RIO GRANDE.



UNITED STATES CAVALRY LEAVING FORT BROWN IN PURSUIT OF MEXICAN RAIDERS ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

TROUBLES ON THE RIO GRANDE

JANUARY 1 — The hostile incursions of armed men from Mexico into the territory of the United States have been a source of great annoyance for a long time to the settlers on the American side of the Rio Grande, and have lately become so frequent as to invite the serious attention of our Government. The matter was considered of sufficient importance to claim special mention in the President's message, and the preparations now being made to put our navy on a war-footing are looked upon by many as an indication that we may be again plunged into a war with Mexico.

The United States Government have placed on the Rio Grande a small naval force, consisting of the light-draught steamer *Rio Bravo*, and two steam launches —the former carrying five guns, and each of the latter one Gatling gun. This flotilla is commanded by Lieutenant-Commander D. W. C. Kells, United States Navy, and its purpose is to render aid to the army in its endeavors to repress the depradations and outrages from which the American population along the river has so long suffered. The force of United States troops available for service is very limited, and quite inadequate to effectually guard the line, even at the points where the incursions are usually made, and the soldiers are kept hard at work in consequence of the disordered and lawless state of affairs. The military force consists of the Eighth Cavalry and Twenty-fourth Infantry, under the command of General J. H. Potter, United States Army.

The outrages that have caused so much trouble are committed by predatory bands of Mexicans, who cross the river, and, seizing an opportunity when the small body of United States troops is engaged at a distant point, make a raid upon some unprotected neighborhood, and carry off all the cattle they can lay their hands on. The main object of these incursions is robbery, but they frequently result in the murder of unarmed citizens, and in collisions with the United States troops and local military organizations. But so carefully timed and rapidly executed are the raids, that the outlaws generally escape without just chastisement, and once on the Mexican side they are safe from punishment, the officials there appearing to be powerless, or unwilling to interfere with the ruffians.

The inability of our troops to follow the marauders into Mexico is galling alike to the United States officers and to the State troops. General Ord, commanding the Department of Texas, in his official report to the Secretary of War, dated September 10th, boldly advocated the policy of pursuing the thieves across the river; but it was left to Captain McNelly, a fearless Texan Ranger, to bring the matter to an issue, by boldly crossing the river with a small mounted troop, and making a dash in the direction of Camargo. . . .

The war feeling now runs high on both sides of the river, and unless the difficulty can be adjusted by diplomatic intervention, we may hear of startling news from that quarter which will revive the memories of the times when Fort Brown opened its batteries upon Matamoras, and old Zach Taylor marched his "boys in blue" over the Mexican border.

A NATION'S SHAME

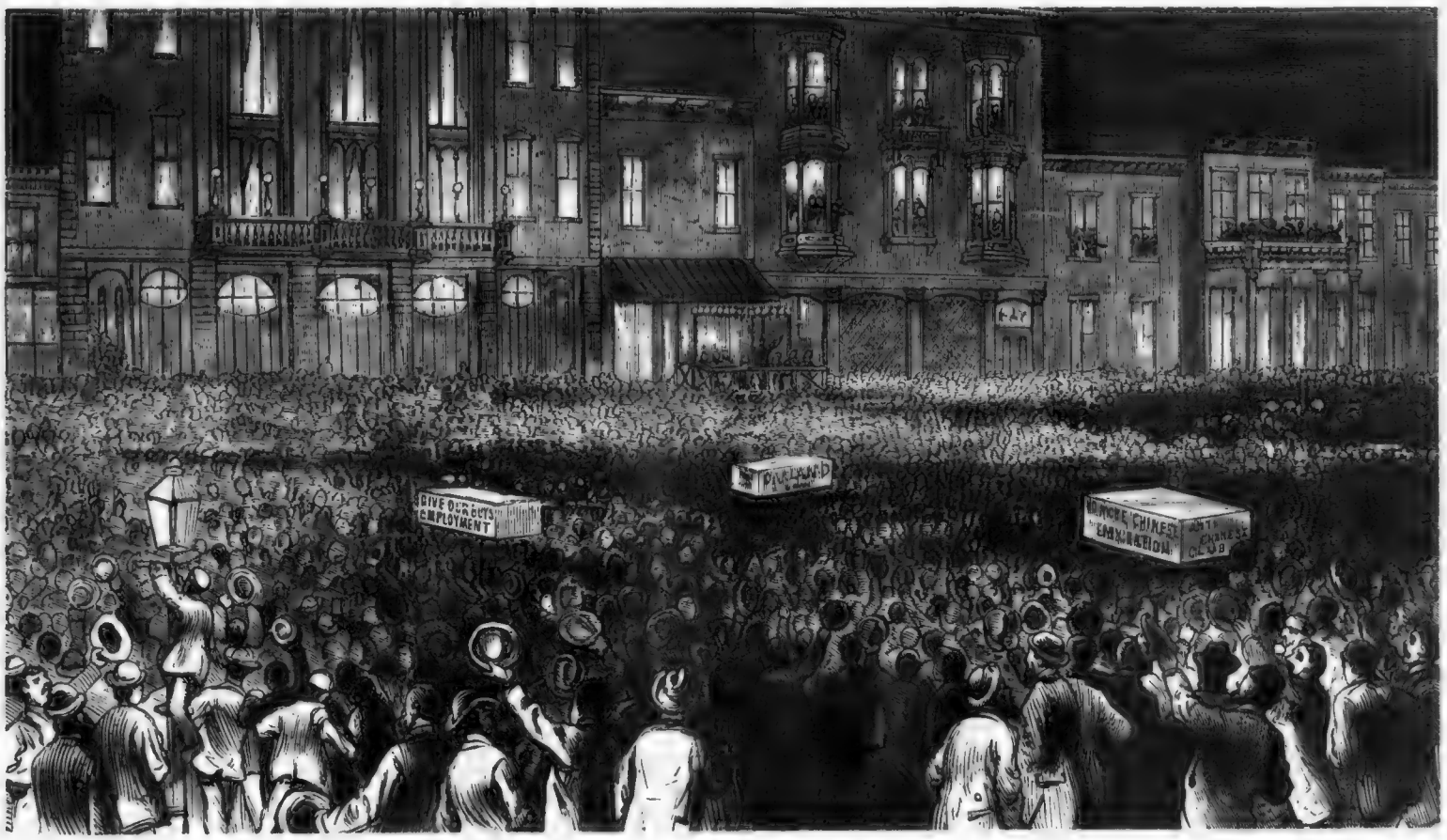
THE SECRETARY OF WAR FORCED TO RESIGN FOR SELLING POSITIONS IN HIS DEPARTMENT

A WHIRLWIND of excitement, with its vortex at the national capital, swept over the country on Thursday, March 2d, at the announcement that Secretary of War Belknap had fallen into disgrace, and been forced to resign. The first telegraphic rumors, accusing Mr. Belknap of gross abuse of his official position for mercenary personal motives, would have been received with incredulity had their details not been so circumstantially related. Later developments gave full confirmation to those earlier reports; and on the morning of March 3d Mr. Belknap stood before the world guilty, by his own confession, of a gross misdemeanor, which must hand his name down in the annals of the nation coupled with irredeemable and everlasting infamy. The following is a succinct narrative of

W. W. BELKNAP,
LATE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE DISGRACEFUL CIRCUMSTANCES

The House of Representatives Committee on Expenditures in the War Department having had its attention directed to alleged abuses in the management of the post-tradership at Fort Sill, I. T., compelled the attendance before it of Caleb P. Marsh, of 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, upon whom the appointment of Post-Trader had been bestowed by the Secretary of War in 1870. This gentleman, though a reluctant witness, made a complete exposure of the dishonest manner in which the position, one of the most lucrative of its kind, had been awarded. He testified that, being a friend of the Belknap family, the late Mrs. Belknap, in the Summer of 1870, used her influence to secure for him the post-tradership at Fort Sill. The office was then held by a Mr. John S. Evans, who was very anxious to retain it, and a contract was entered into between Evans and Marsh whereby the latter was to sublet the business to Evans, and receive $12,000 annually, in quarterly payments, as his share of the transaction. That amount was paid for about two years, when, the strength of the post being diminished, it was reduced to $6,000. One half of each of the quarterly payments received by Marsh was sent regularly to Mrs. Belknap, and after her death in the Fall of 1870, to the Secretary himself. The money was sent according to the instructions of the Secretary of War, sometimes in bank-notes by express, sometimes in certificates of deposit, and sometimes was paid to himself in person, or invested at his request in Government bonds. The aggregate so received by Secretary Belknap for Marsh's retention in office, was about $20,000. [March 18]



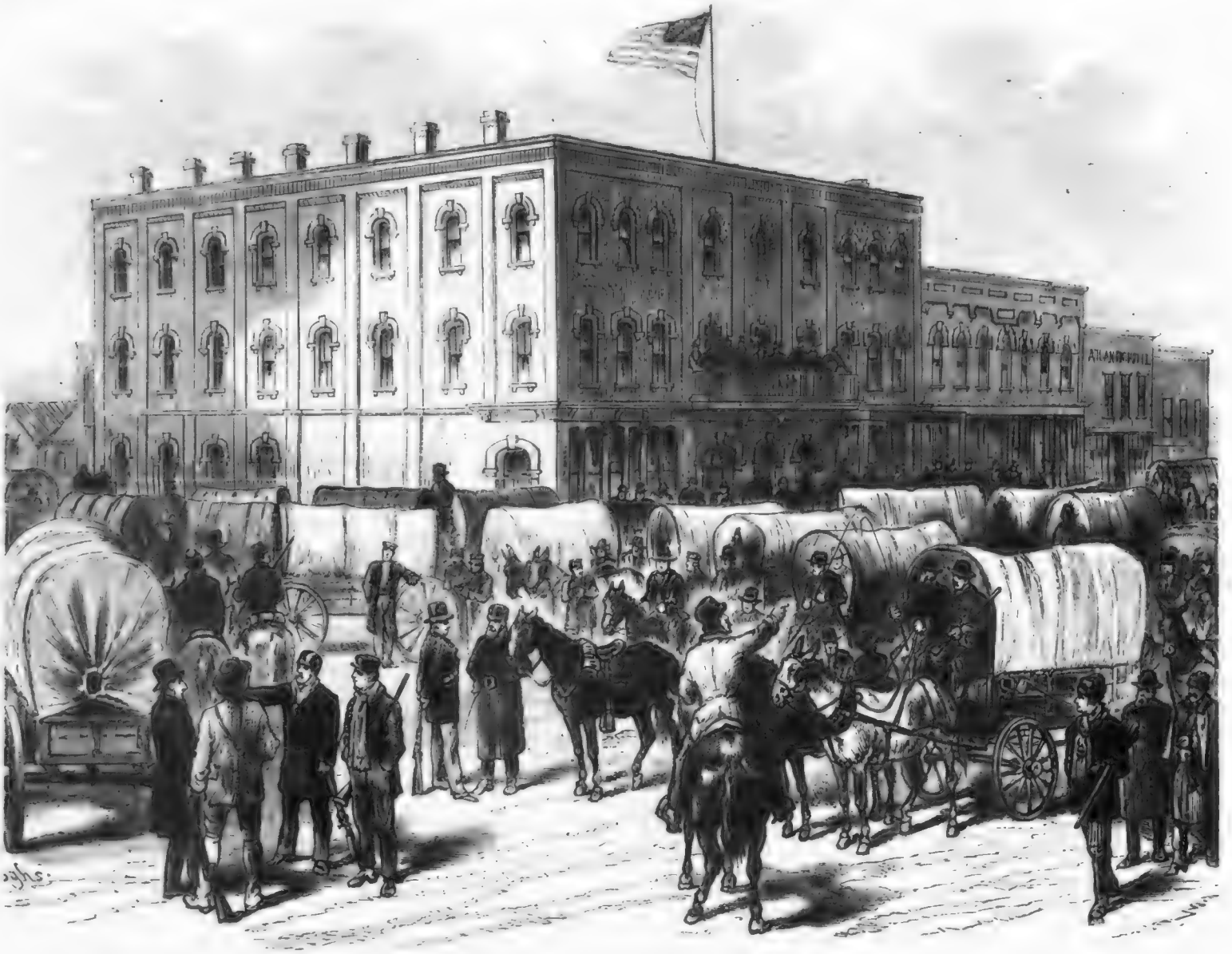
CALIFORNIA—ANTI-CHINESE DEMONSTRATION AT UNION HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5TH—SEE PAGE 43.

THE BLACK HILLS EXCITEMENT

Departure of Gold Hunters for the New Diggings

MARCH 25—The excitement in the frontier States over the discovery of gold in the Black Hills is unabated: everybody, men—women and youth—being infatuated with the belief of rich deposits of the yellow metal yielding fabulous returns with little labor. The scenes of '49 are re-enacted, and the migration westward is very general, all classes of society being represented in the trains that have recently set forth, and which are now organizing, for the Black Hills region. The town of Yankton, Dakota Territory, is the rendezvous of all pilgrims, where outfits are procured and companies formed for procedure to the "promised land," and the excitement there for the past few weeks has been general.

Yankton is a town of about three thousand resident population, situated on the Mississippi River, near the mouth of the Dakota. The people are of an enterprising nature, and since the first reports of gold being discovered in the Black Hills it has become a place of considerable importance. The past Winter there has been a large influx of people, and the preparations making for the fitting-out of trains for the gold regions has made business decidedly brisk, and several of the larger dealers in miners' supplies have realized handsome profits. The extreme openness of the Winter has caused a far greater rush to this place than was anticipated, and several companies, bands, or trains (they are designated by all of these terms), have been quickly organized and already departed. The town is now full of strangers, and the only topic of conversation is "The Black Hills." On Tuesday, February 22d, Washington's Birthday, two parties were made up by Scott Goodwin and A. F. Gray, and left Yankton with full outfits, there being sixty-nine men and twenty-one wagons. The party was to be joined at Emanuel Creek by parties from Bonhomme, Clay and Union Counties, thus swelling the number to about one hundred and fifty men and forty-five wagons. This was the first extensive party of the season, and consequently the excitement attending their departure was very great. The streets were lined with spectators, and, like the war times of '61, when the first call for volunteers was made, numbers of young men, under the impulse of the moment, joined their fortunes with the departing trains and started off to the "Hills." The company has all the various elements of good society represented—there being three teachers, one doctor, four merchants, but no lawyers.



DAKOTA TERRITORY—AN EXPEDITION LEAVING YANKTON FOR THE BLACK HILLS ON TUESDAY, MARCH 7TH.

The Yankton merchants are reaping a rich harvest from the numerous strangers arriving in town, as is seen by the prices asked for the necessary articles required in an outfit for a trip to the "Hills." Flour brings $2.50 per 100 pounds; bacon per pound, 15 cents; sugar per 100 pounds, $9 to $12.50; coffee per pound, 38 to 50 cents; beans per bushel, $2.50; corn per bushel, 30 cents; oats and potatoes per bushel, also 30 cents; wagons are from $80 to $90, and horses per span $200 to $275. Indian ponies bring from $25 to $50 each, and oxen $90 to $100 per yoke. Other articles can be purchased as follows: Rubber coats, each $3 to $5; rubber blankets, each $1.75 to $3; rubber caps, 50 cents to $1; rubber leggings, per pair $1.25; rubber boots, $4 to $7; woolen blankets, $2 to $5 per pair; quicksilver, $1.25 per pound; gold-pans, $1 to $1.25; miners' picks, $1.25; spring-point shovels, $1.35; sluice forks, $1.75.

Whatever fortune awaits the crowds of adventurers who are daily journeying to the new gold regions, certain it is, the hotel-keepers and proprietors find it profitable to keep up the excitement, and marvelous stories of lucky finds are daily put in circulation. An old hunter states that he has made one rich discovery in Bear Creek Gulch, and another in Sand Creek, at the Black Hills. His first trial resulted in working out $1.25 in each of three pans of dirt tried, and he states that another miner got $28 worth of gold in the first panful of dirt washed out.

On Monday, the 21st of February, a party of eight men, with two teams, left Sioux Falls, Dakota, for the new diggings lately discovered about forty miles north of Rapid Creek, the point where the richest loads were previously supposed to exist. A much larger party left Yankton, March 7th, and it is understood that four hundred miners from Pennsylvania are preparing to start, they having written for particulars. Parties are also being made up in Chicago, Milwaukee and other points, and it is believed that by the 1st of May there will be at least 75,000 men in the Black Hills. A private telegram from Fort Sully says that "the camp-fires of the teams at night would guide one to the Black Hills without any trouble, they are so close together."

The wood-choppers along the Missouri are going to the Hills in large numbers, and the farmers West will find themselves short of help when Spring sets in. Everything now is the "Black Hills," and, should the present excitement continue a month longer, a stampede from the Atlantic States may set in.

THE CHINESE ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE

THE ANTI-CHINESE meeting held at Union Hall, San Francisco, on the evening of April 5th, was the first protest by the people *en masse* against the Asiatic plague that threatens the ruin of California. Governor Irwin presided over the meeting inside the hall. Resolutions were adopted setting forth the evils flowing from the Chinese immigration, and urging that, as local measures of relief had been exhausted, the only resource remaining was an appeal to the treaty-making power of the Government, and that a delegation be sent to Washington to present the matter in full, and urge that something be done. It was decided to prepare a full statement of the grievances and circulate a million copies throughout the country, that the condition of affairs may be clearly understood. Fears have been entertained for several months past that the animosity felt towards the Chinese might culminate in a riot or war of extermination. This impression has been gravely considered by the organizations known as the "Six Companies," and the managers claim that they have telegraphed to China to have the immigration stopped at once. They have also urged the appointment by the Chinese Government of a special consul, to be settled at San Francisco, and supported at their expense. On the 1st of April they addressed a communication to Governor Irwin, Mayor Bryant and Chief of Police Ellis, demanding protection in their treaty rights, and alleging an unjust legal discrimination towards their people.

Their opponents claim that the Six Companies, to whom are consigned all immigrants, practically buy and sell young girls and women for the purposes of prostitution; that their regulations are so strict, that no Chinaman dare testify either against the Companies or a fellow-countryman; that they punish violations of their laws by great cruelty, and frequently death; and that the startling increase in the arrivals of Chinese threatens to take from all other people the means of obtaining a livelihood.

The largest of the Six Companies is the Wing Yang, located on Broadway and having charge of 60,000 persons. Then follow the Hop Wo, on Clay Street, with 40,000; the Yung Wo, Sacramento Street, with 12,000; the Kong Chow Asylum, Pine Street, with 12,000; the Sam Yup, Dupont Street, with 10,000; and the Yen Wo, Dupont Street, with 6,000—making a total of 140,000 in the city, or scattered along the coast and in the interior. It is claimed by the Companies that a Chinaman on his arrival signifies to which Company he wishes to attach himself; that he is then entitled to protection, aid and support during his stay, and that upon leaving for China he pays the Company five dollars for the commission and protection.

The managers of the Companies will only acknowledge themselves a commercial corporation. All contracts for labor are made with the Companies, and not with the laborers themselves, and the Companies are known to be exceedingly wealthy.

Much excitement has been noticed of late in "Chinatown," the portion of the city bounded by Kearney, Stockton, Sacramento and Pacific Streets, and the best of reasons exist for believing that the Six Companies have been quietly arming and drilling their subjects for two or three years past. Whatever may be the result of the present agitation, it is very probable that it will grow much worse before it begins to improve. [May 6]

PERSONAL GOSSIP

GENERAL FREMONT will reside in New York hereafter. Twenty years ago, says a correspondent, everybody was singing and shouting about him. He was the pathfinder. He parted his hair in the middle, and had a glorious mustache. There was a volume of romance in his marriage to Jessie Benton. He very nearly became a President. Afterwards he was conspicuous for a while as a general in real war time; but he was not equal to the occasion. He soon faded from public view, and to-day he is a little weazen-faced, dried-up old man, forgotten by the American people, hardly regarded as a curiosity, and resurrected from his premature grave occasionally only through the name, and the occasional letters in print, of his accomplished wife. [January 8]

THE AGED MOTHER of Chavez, the late California bandit, is still living at Hollister, Cal., and is said to be a very respectable woman. She wept when she learnt that her erring son had been shot, but said that she was glad he had died thus, instead of being captured alive and hanged like his captain, Vasquez. [January 15]

BRIGHAM YOUNG has ordered that all balls and parties given in the ward schoolhouses shall begin at one o'clock in the afternoon and close at ten in the evening, and has prohibited round dances. [February 5]

CENTENNIAL CURIOSITIES

The American Department—Indian Antiquities

One of the most numerously visited buildings in the Exhibition Grounds at Philadelphia is the structure in which the United States makes her varied and interesting Governmental exhibits. Occupying a large space here are the specimens from the National Museum in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and one of the most frequented sections of this exhibit is the department devoted to American curiosities and antiquities, on the southwest side of the building. Our artist has selected for the illustration on the facing page one of the most conspicuous features among these antiquities, in the picturing of the "totem posts" of the Northwest Coast Indians, or those people inhabiting the Pacific Coast lying between Oregon and Alaska. To the uninformed, these "totem posts" look like rude idols of wood, reared in front of, and towering far above, the houses of the natives, but in reality they are nothing but a sort of illustrated pedigree or family tree, or more shortly, "name" posts. The Indian, when he takes a name for himself from some real or supposed feature in his character, such as "The Dove," "The Shark," etc., is accustomed to tattoo the rude figure of the animal suggested by his name upon his arm or breast. The Northwest Coast Indians still further illustrate their names and family history by erecting in front of their houses tall posts of cedar, cut into combinations of human and animal forms. These posts are called "totem posts," and two of them are shown accurately in our illustration. The one immediately in the foreground of the picture is that of a human figure, and is but one step in one of the family pedigrees. The other, and taller of the two (to the left in the illustration), gives to the skilled ethnologist the outlines of the family tree of "The Bear." The top purports to show a bear's head and front paws. In his arms he holds a frog (probably his son). The next figure holds a baby, while the lowest is "the old woman," holding in her hand a cray-fish. These posts are not worshipped, though they are supposed to have a slight connection with the superstitutions of the people in having a protecting influence over the inhabitants of the house. The Mukah Indians, to whom these "totem posts" belong, are chiefly engaged in fishing, and hence the frequency of "fish" names among them. They are also striking on account of their fondness for carving in cedar, and they have become of late years quite an interesting study to ethnologists because of the likeness in their habits and imitative propensities to the Japanese and Chinese, several of whose junks have been wrecked on that coast since they were known to Americans. The well-known flathead Indians are a tribe on this coast.

These specimens are sent by J. G. Swan, a lawyer in Port Townsend, Washington Territory, who has given some attention to these curiosities. The Indian exhibit is that of Dr. Rau and is in charge of a most intelligent assistant, Mr. F. H. Custing. [June 24]

CENTENNIAL NOTES

A MINIATURE quartz mill, for exhibition at the Centennial, is being constructed at the Union Foundry, in Sacramento, and will shortly be completed. It will show to the Eastern people the entire process of amalgamating and reducing ores, as practiced on the Pacific Coast.

AMONG the latest arrivals in Agricultural Hall is "Reed's Panorama of the Great Northwest." This painting, in colors, is upon canvas from 500 to 600 feet long, and 10 feet wide.

THE ENTIRE PRODUCT of the Consolidated Virginia and California Mines for the month of May, estimated at 150 tons of gold and silver bullion, and $10,000,000 in ore, will be packed for Philadelphia.

THERE HAS been placed in the Oregon section of the Agricultural Hall a piece of white oak two feet long and about twenty inches in diameter, with a pair of deer-antlers imbedded in the heart.

THE $10,000,000 in Comstock silver which Flood & O'Brien intend to exhibit at the Centennial would make a solid block ten feet long, ten feet thick, and eight and one-tenth feet high, containing 810 cubic feet, and would weight nearly 294½ tons.

TEXAS JACK, who is scouting for Terry in the Indian country, is the proprietor of a saloon opposite the Main Exhibition Building.

GOVERNOR R. B. Hubbard of Texas lectured on the history and resources of his State in the Judges' Hall, a few days ago, in the course of which he said: "Texas is the largest of the States, being greater in extent than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and the six New England States all combined. Her area is 75,000,000 acres, or 274,366 square miles. As an evidence of her health, there are not less than 20,000 people who live and camp nightly on her prairies. In this out-door life, from the Gulf to Kansas, and from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, I am not aware of a single case of consumption ever originating in Texas. Neither plague nor pestilence has ever yet desolated her homes. This year Texas has raised over 650,000 bales of cotton—more than one-seventh of the entire cotton-crop of the United States."

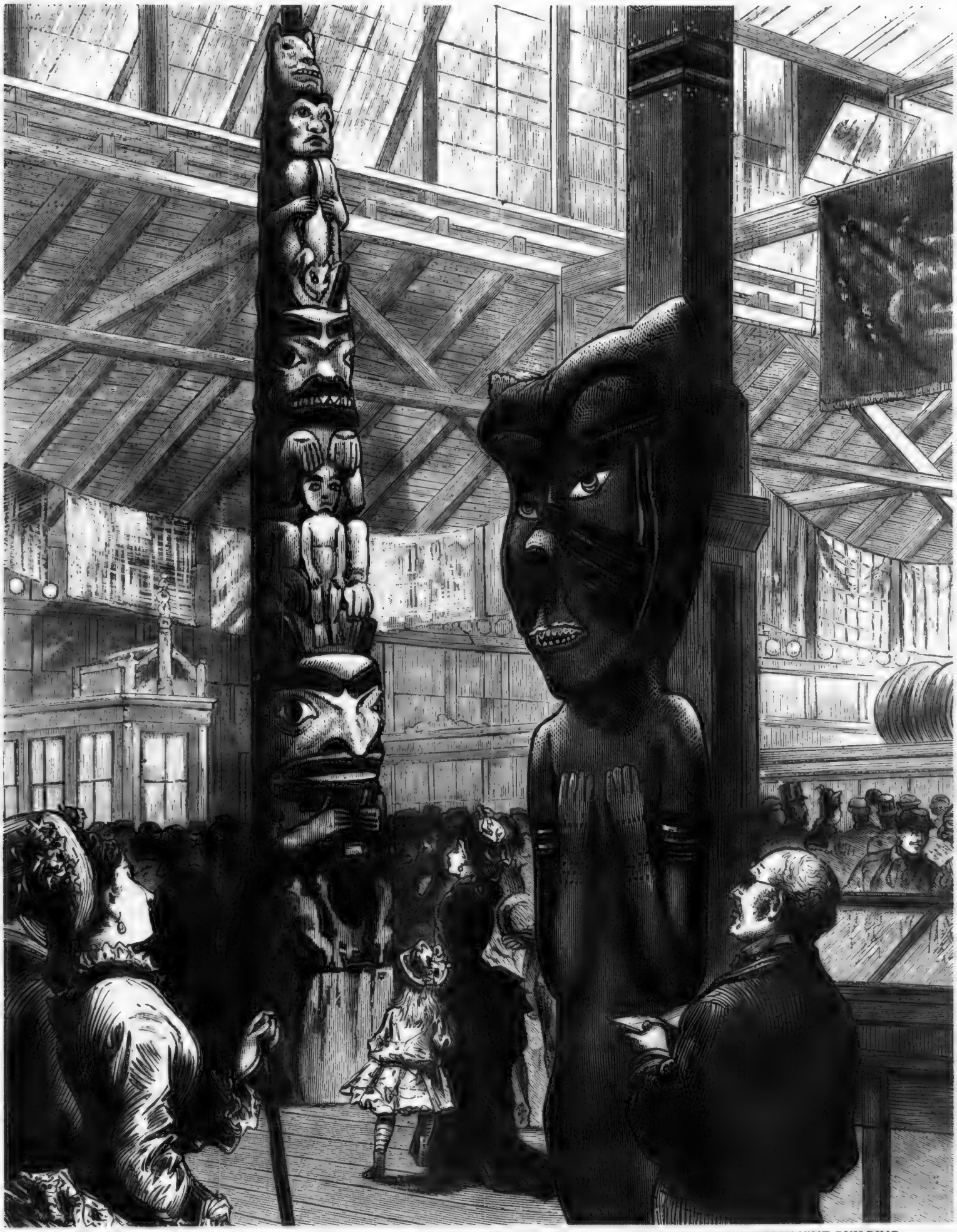
A CARGO of fresh fruit arrived from Oregon on October 21st. It is on exhibition in Agricultural Hall. Its journey of 4,000 miles has not harmed it. The display comprises twenty-two varieties of apples, the *Gloria Mundi* being the most remarkable, some specimens weighing twenty-seven ounces.

COLONEL Thomas A Scott, in response to an appeal by members of Congress from Texas, has tendered a free passage to veteran soldiers of the Mexican War residing in Texas to and from the Centennial Exhibition.

THE CENTRAL Pacific Railroad Company exhibit, in Agricultural Hall, a thousand cones, from the *Conifera* of the Pacific Coast. The curious fact about them is, that the largest trees grow the smallest cones. The fruit of the "big trees" of the Mariposa and Culateras groves is no larger than a butternut, while many of the smaller species send down upon the traveler's head projectiles of a foot in length.

TWO of P. T. Barnum's agents have arranged for the packing of the cereal exhibits in the Kansas and Colorado Building, which will be shipped to Europe for exhibition.

A CURIOUS intoxicating plant has been found in California, called the rattleweed. A herd of fifty wild horses on a ranch became perfectly demented after grazing where the plant was growing. They allowed persons to approach them, would walk over a precipice without fear or hesitation, and had no idea of seeking water, though they were nearly dying of thirst.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT, IN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, U.S.A.

GEORGE A. CUSTER, brevet Major-General in the Regular Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh U.S. Cavalry, who was killed during the engagement with the Indians on the Little Big Horn, June 25th, was born in Ohio in 1840. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1857, and on graduating, four years later, he was appointed second lieutenant in the cavalry service, being assigned to the Fifth Regiment. In 1862 he was promoted to first lieutenant. On the fifth of June of that year he was assigned to the staff of General McClellan, with the rank of captain, and in this capacity gained both credit and distinction for the great bravery which he displayed during the subsequent conflicts on the Peninsula.

When the forces in Virginia were reorganized under Burnside, Captain Custer was withdrawn from the Army of the Potomac and assigned to the cavalry command operating in the Piedmont region under General Stahl. Captain Custer then acted as a brigade commander of mounted troops, although not invested with the rank suitable to his position. He, however, displayed such ability that he was subsequently appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, Congress afterwards confirming the appointment, with a commission dating from June 29th, 1863.

General Custer participated in the advance of the Army of the Potomac from the Rappahannock to Pennsylvania, during June, 1873, and was engaged in the cavalry contests which preceded the Battle of Gettysburg. Upon the Army of the Potomac going into Winter quarters in December, 1863, General Custer was assigned to the command of the post at Stevensburg, Va., which had been made by General Meade one of the outposts of his army; but when the Kilpatrick Cavalry Expedition was organized, in February, 1864, he was placed in command of a cavalry division, to act independently, and yet cooperate on the right with the movements of the principal mounted column. Information having been received by General Meade that the enemy were making suspicious movements, General Custer started on a cavalry reconnaissance on the 4th of March, 1864, and crossing Ely's Ford, scouted the country in that vicinity for many miles around.

A radical change having been effected during April, 1864, in the cavalry branch of the Army of the Potomac by the appointment of General Sheridan to the chief command, young Custer had then a fine opportunity to display his dashing brilliancy as a general. At the head of a brigade of mounted men he took part in the advance of May 3d, and in the battles of the Wilderness. After this, General Custer joined the left flank fight at Hanover Town and Ferry, Va., on May 28th, 1864, defeating the famous South Carolina Cavalry Brigade after a three hours' contest, during which he inflicted upon them serious losses, meanwhile covering and concealing the actual movements of the main army and securing the crossing of the Pamunkey River.

Since 1865 General Custer was almost wholly engaged in the Indian country. In 1871 he accompanied the Grand Duke Alexis upon his frontier journey, and organized several buffalo-hunts for the Imperial visitor.

Recently, General Custer appeared before the Congressional Committee on the Belknap charges, and after giving his testimony, the President appointed General Crook to the command of the military

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SEVENTH U.S. CAVALRY, KILLED BY THE SIOUX INDIANS, JUNE 25TH.

expedition which General Custer had organized against the hostile Indians. The Administration was severely criticized for this transfer, it being regarded as an effect of official jealousy, and an attempt to degrade General Custer, because, in testifying before the Congressional Committee, he had given evidence against Government officers. When the expedition started on its disastrous mission, he went in the simple capacity of commander of his regiment, and not as chief of the force he had collected for the special service.

General Custer left his camp at noon, on the 22d of June, at the head of a regiment of twelve companies, to follow the trail of a large band of hostile Sioux, leading up the river and westward in the direction of the Big Horn. General Terry, accompanied by Colonel Gibbon, who had a command of five companies of infantry, four of cavalry, and a Gatlin battery, started to ascend the Big Horn, intending to strike the Indians in the rear. It was expected that Gibbon's force would be within co-operating distance from Custer's troops by the evening of the 26th. On the night of the 24th, Gibbon landed on the south bank of the Yellowstone, near the mouth of the Big Horn, and the next day pushed through a country so rugged, that the men could make but twenty-three miles.

Early on the morning of the 26th, three Crow scouts brought General Terry the information that General Custer had attacked the Indians on the previous day, and had been killed with his entire command, and that Major Reno, with five companies, was fighting the Indians from a position he had taken on a bluff. General Terry immediately started his entire command for the scene of the slaughter. Soon the relief party came in sight of a group surrounding a cavalry guard upon a lofty eminence on the right bank of the river. General Terry forded the stream, accompanied by a small squad, and rode to the spot. All the way the slopes were dotted with bodies of men and horses. The general approached and the men swarmed out of the works and greeted him with hearty and repeated cheers. Within was found Major Reno, with the remains of seven companies of the regiment. . . . Major Reno's command had been fighting from Sunday noon, the 25th, until the night of the 26th, when Terry's arrival caused the Indians to retire. Up to this time Major Reno and those with him were in complete ignorance of the fate of the other five companies, which had been separated from them on the 26th to make an attack under General Custer on the village at another point.

While preparations were being made for the removal of the wounded, a party was sent on General Custer's trail to look for traces of his command. They found awaiting them a sight fit to appall the stoutest heart. At a point about three miles down the right bank of the stream, Custer had evidently attempted to ford and attack the village from the ford. The trail was found to lead back up the bluffs and to the northward, as if the troops had been repulsed and compelled to retreat, and at the same time had been cut off from regaining the forces under Major Reno. The bluffs along the right bank come sharply down to the water and are interspersed by numerous ravines. All along the slopes and ridges and in the ravines, lying as if they had fought, line behind line, showing where defensive positions had been successively taken up and held till none were left to fight, lay the bodies of the fallen soldiers; then huddled in a narrow compass, horses and men were piled promiscuously.

At the highest point of the ridge lay General Custer, surrounded by a chosen band. Here were his two brothers and his nephew, Mr. Reed, Colonel Yates and Colonel Cooke, and Captain Smith, all lying in a circle of a few yards, their horses beside them. Here, behind Colonel Yates's company, the last stand had been made, and here, one after another, these last survivors of General Custer's five companies had met their death. The companies had successively thrown themselves across the path of the advancing enemy and had been annihilated. Not a man had escaped to tell the tale, but the story was inscribed on the surface of the barren hills in a language more eloquent than words. Two hundred and sixty-one bodies have been buried from General Custer's and Major Reno's commands.

The following are the names of the officers whose remains were recognized: General Custer, Colonel Keogh, Colonel Yates, Colonel Custer, Colonel Cooke, Captain Smith, Lieutenant McIntosh, Lieutenant Calhoun, Lieutenant Hodgeson, and Lieutenant Reilly. All of these belonged to the Seventh Cavalry. Lieutenant Crittenden, of the Twentieth Infantry, was serving temporarily with the regiment. Lieutenants Porter, Sturges, and Harrington, and Assistant Surgeon Lord, are reported missing, as their remains were not recognized; but there is small ground to hope that any of them survived, as it is obvious that the troops were completely surrounded by a force of ten times their number. [July 22]

A REMARKABLE RECORD

A NOTABLE EXPLOIT in railroad traveling has just been achieved by private enterprise. A special train, consisting of a hotel-car, a passenger-car and a baggage-car, and conveying twenty-five or thirty passengers, left New York at 12:42 A.M., Thursday, June 1st, and reached San Francisco at 9:39 A.M. (local time), on Sunday, June 4th. Allowing 3 hours, 13 minutes and 27 seconds for the difference in longitude, the time actually occupied in making the trip of 3,316 miles was 83 hours, 59 minutes and 16 seconds. This continued rapid rate of travel has no parallel. The average speed for the entire trip was forty-two miles per hour, including stoppages, though at times a considerably higher rate was accomplished. At one point, fifty-five miles were traversed in fifty-four minutes. The arrangements seem to have been admirably provided for, and no accident of any sort occurred to mar the enjoyment of the few passengers. Among the latter was Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, who was under engagement to act in San Francisco on the evening of June 5th, and it is to his desire to attend a rehearsal on the afternoon of the 4th that the conception of the enterprise is attributed. As an illustration of what can be done, the trip unquestionably marks an epoch in the history of railroad travel, but for the ordinary purposes of commercial convenience, it is questionable whether such a rapid gait will be considered safe or desirable. [June 17]

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR

THE OWOSSO (MICH.) Press mentions a rather remarkable case of home-sickness which recently occurred. A man went from that place with his family to California, but feeling homesick when he arrived on the Pacific Coast, he took the first train for Michigan with his family. Arriving at Owosso in the night, he remained at the depot until morning without going into the town and meeting his friends, and then again took the train for California. In his several journeys his savings were exhausted, and he is now in the Far West without any funds whatever.

SINGULAR death notice from the Waco (Tex.) Examiner: "Died—At the residence of Major W. W. Downs, on Third Street, Monday, August 7, at 10:30 o'clock P.M., Captain O. J. Downs, of voluntary abstinence from strong drink."

EDITORIAL:
THE CUSTER MASSACRE

WHAT shall be done with the Indians? It is a question which every administration asks of itself on coming in, and dismisses hopelessly before going out. Treaties are made that are perfectly just in every way, but they are violated by both parties before the ink is scarcely dry on them, and dissatisfaction, robberies and murders follow as a matter of course. The relations of the Indians to the Government are, it is true, peculiar; more than that, they are unique. No Government has ever had precisely the same relations with an aboriginal people; and so we have no lesson of precedent or example to guide us.

In all the treaties we have made with the Indians, we have consented to the fact that we are usurpers; that they are the rightful owners of the land, and that we only occupy it as a matter of suffrage. The very fact of a treaty at all presupposes this, and the Indians have not been slow to see and take advantage of our too delicate principle in the matter. They have demanded and received concessions in which the Government was powerless to protect them, and then have resented with robbery and murder any failure of the Government. Theoretically, this treaty business with the Indians is all right enough. In the ideal, it is a piece of poetic justice and sentimentalism. In the reality, it is a pretense for extortion and robbery on the Indian side, and of chicanery and corruption on the part of the Government. It has through its agencies stirred up more bad blood than can be estimated, and led to mutual hatred and distrust.

There is an old adage about giving everybody their due—and it is only justice to say of President Grant that he had at first and has always since seen the fallacy of our method of dealing with the Indians—though he has been too weak to revolutionize it. It was an existing evil which he could not help, and so he made the most of it, by appointing his favorites to fill the places which our Indian policy created, and which have always been known to be particularly snug places for money-making. The President's quick eye for the main chance did not fail him to the last, and before Custer was hardly cold, he had nominated young Grant for a promotion to a place in Custer's regiment. We can imagine our chief magistrate as devoutly looking upon this created vacancy as a special dispensation of Providence in his favor—and thanking God for his son's opportunity.

MONTANA—THE SIOUX WAR—GENERAL CROOK'S BATTLE ON THE ROSEBUD RIVER,

But as to the annihilation of the unfortunate Custer's expedition, it is a dreadful thing—this cutting off of five companies, this diabolical slaughter that unites with it all the horrors of torture. It is a thing that must not occur in the future. Our men are too brave and too precious to us to be sacrificed either through a mistaken policy of the Government or the foolhardiness of a leader. It seems that in this last massacre there was an element of both. Our Government had not been strong in protecting the Indians in their promised rights, and had permitted a violation of the conditions of its treaty with open eyes and unextended hands. Perhaps it was powerless to do otherwise—if so, it was equally blameworthy. No Government has a right to sign a treaty which it is powerless to keep. But it was not alone the weakness of the Government that led to this disaster—there was apparently another helping element in the vaulting ambition of General Custer—in the excess of his personal bravery over his good judgment. Every account goes to show that he needlessly exposed his men to danger. He was a man who never knew the sensation of fear—and his fearlessness blinded him to danger. He had conquered everything by courage and pluck

JUNE 17TH—SEE PAGE 50.

and prestige—and he believed that his good fates would carry him through. He gave the cold shoulder to caution, and did everything in response to an impulse born of an unwavering desire to make a figure in the world—to be the admiration of his friends and the terror of his enemies. An old army officer, in writing to the Springfield *Republican*, gives a very fair estimate of Custer's character when he says: "Through the patronage of Sheridan he rose, but while Sheridan liked his valor and his dash, he never trusted to his judgment. He was to Sheridan what Murat was to Napoleon. While Sheridan is always cool, Custer was always aflame. He was like a thermometer. He had a touch of romance about him, and when the war broke out he used to go about dressed like one of Byron's pirates in the Archipelago, with waving, shining locks, and a broad, flapping sombrero. Rising to a high command early in life, he lost the repose necessary to success in high command." It was just these characteristics that helped on the terrible catastrophe. He was to march twenty-nine miles a day, and meet other portions of the army, with which he was to make a joint attack upon the Indians. This was too commonplace for Custer—he pushed forward at the rate of seventy miles a day—and alone led his regiment into the valley of death from which no man escaped.

But this is a compensating world—there is no evil out of which some good does not come. Custer's defeat shows the fallacy of putting our army against the Indians into the hands of any but the coolest and most trusted generals. It shows that all the old spirit of brutality is still alive in the hearts of the Indians. It proves to us that they are creatures with whom it does not do to try conciliatory measures; and, above all, it is the acme of a foolish policy that makes treaties where it ought to visit punishment, and puts out of the pale of government a people in most need of firm and severe handling. Let us have done with treaties—let us consider these red-men simply as citizens, visiting upon them the penalties of their inquities, protecting them in their rights of property as we do other citizens—and do no more or less than this. The great ends of civilization require such a policy, and until we adopt it we need not hope for anything but trouble from the rabble of the plains. [July 29]

PERSONAL GOSSIP

KIT CARSON, JR., who is at present in Boston, proposes to leave soon for the West to engage in the Indian campaign. He thinks Sandwich Island Frank, and not Sitting Bull, is the planner of the Indian campaign.

A MR. COOPER, of California, has an orchard, near Santa Barbara, of 12,000 almond trees, 1,000 English walnut-trees, 5,000 olive trees, 6,000 eucalyptus-trees, and a vineyard of 6,000 grape-vines.

CHIEF JUSTICE SHAEFFER, of Utah, has decided that foreign-born women cannot vote on the strength of their husbands' naturalization, the Territorial law to the contrary notwithstanding. The question is attracting much attention in Utah.

MRS. CUSTER is still prostrated and confined to bed most of the time at Bismarck. On first hearing the sad news of her husband's death she was braver than any other of the bereaved ladies. She visited the wounded at the hospital. Her grief, however, was too great to bear, and she finally succumbed. She frequently lies in a swoon for an hour or more, and her condition is alarming.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD, of California, is about to begin another new home, which will cost $100,000.

THE SIOUX WAR

Our Sketches from General Crook's Army

[From our Special Correspondent]

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: You will, perhaps, think me rather dilatory with my sketches, but I was unable to send them in before the Rosebud engagement, and after that affair no couriers came in. The Government dispatches went with the friendly Crow Indians via Bozeman, the day following, and I was not then prepared to send my drawings. However, I determined to be the bearer of my own papers, and returned as far as Fort Fetterman, with the supply train, in company with Thomas MacMullen.

The first incident of note occurred during our march from Powder River to the Crazy Woman's Fork, called, in the Sioux tongue, "Weeyah-wee-tko-tko-Wakpah." The savages had seen us, and a long tier of signal fires flashed all day from bluff to bluff along the valley of the Powder River, marking the haunts of Sitting Bull and his predatory braves. . . .

The next occurrence of importance happened at Tongue River. We had been camped there several days awaiting the arrival of Frank Gruard, the chief scout, who had gone to the Crow Agency for some of those friendly Indians to act as a body of scouts. On the 9th of June, to relieve the monotony of camp life, some one got up a horse-race, and afterwards, the excitement being infectious, some one started a foot-race. This happened towards 5 P.M. Just as we were returning to our various tents, the Sioux, in all numbering, I should judge, two hundred warriors, appeared in all their gay trappings and bravery on the bluffs across the river, and for one solid hour poured into us volley after volley. The cavalry under Captain Mills and other officers, consisting of Companies M, A, I and E of the Third, finally crossed the river, and dislodging, drove the enemy from their position. The soldiers fought well. The infantry stood well up to the work, and answered volley for volley with their "long Toms."

On the 11th of June we took the back trail to Goose Creek, the permanent supply camp of the season. It was here Frank Gruard found us. He brought with him 150 Crow scouts, and on the same day 80 Shoshonie Indians arrived, preparing us for the affair which occurred a few days afterwards. The wagon-train and pack-train remained on Goose Creek, and entrenched themselves, while the main command proceeded northward, June 16th, its purpose being to attack the Indian village situated, as it was supposed, on the Rosebud. On the morning of the 17th, at 8:45, the Sioux Indians attacked us from all directions. The account of this engagement, I suppose, all have read ere this. I shall only speak of that part of the fight portrayed in my sketch. Colonel Royall was retreating across a wide hollow with his detachment of cavalry, when the Sioux charged them from the hill. Major Randall, seeing the peril of the little command, turned the Crows and Shoshonies down the hollow at full speed, while the infantry poured a splendid volley into the Sioux from a small elevation in the middle distance. The main body of cavalry was massed in the right middle distance. This was the hottest part of the entire fight. The Sioux literally swarmed over the hills.

I will close my letter by stating that we retired in good order to the supply camp on Goose Creek; from thence I came in with the trains as far as Fort Fetterman, at which place I secured the last sketch I send you. S. [August 12]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE & AGRICULTURE

THE BUFFALOES are doomed, according to the report on the geology and resources of the region of the thirty-ninth parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, by Mr. Dowson, who says: "From what I could learn, I believe that at the present rate of extermination twelve to fourteen years will see the destruction of what now remains of the great northern band of buffalo, and the termination of the trade in robes and pemmican, in so far as regards the country north of the Missouri River."

A SIGNAL for the use of the Coast Survey has been erected on the summit of Mount Shasta, California, at an elevation of 14,402 feet. It consists of a hollow cylinder of galvanized iron 12 feet high, and 2½ feet in diameter, surrounded by a cone of nickel-plated copper, with concave sides, 3 feet high and 3 feet in diameter at the base. The nickel-plated cone is a brilliant reflector, and will reflect the sunlight in such a manner that the beam can be seen at a distance of a hundred miles, or over.

MRS. ROBB, of Corpus Christi, is fairly entitled to her name of the "Cattle Queen of Texas." She owns 75,000 acres of land, inclosed by twenty-three miles of fence, on which 15,000 beeves per annum are fattened for market. [August 19]

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR

BECAUSE a newspaper reporter wrote that a Senator said to him, that "Should the press cease watching the Legislature it would steal the State blind in three weeks," the privileges of the floor have been denied him by the California Senate.

A DEADWOOD trader who recently returned to Omaha from the Black Hills declares that there are plenty of men in the Hills who have from $10,000 to $15,000 buried, waiting a chance to pack it out. He had heard of one nugget which weighed up to $640, and there were plenty of $10 and $25 nuggets.

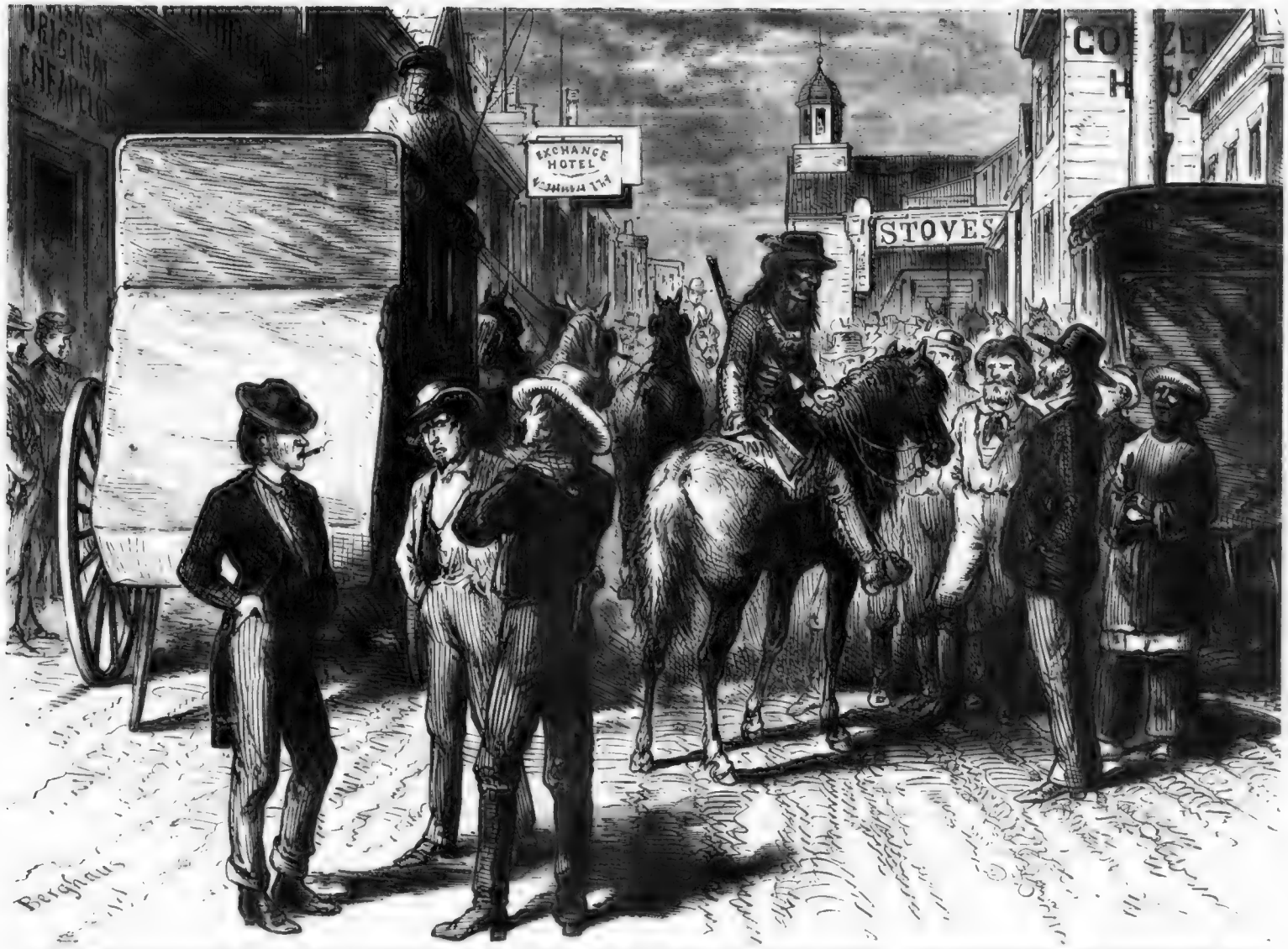
THE SEARCH for the $4,800,000 of treasure, supposed to have been sunk with the British frigate *Hussar*, off Port Morris, N.Y., has been abandoned for the season, as the chief diver, Sidney Cook, has gone to San Francisco, where he is to resume work on the wreck of the steamship *Golden Gate*, burned in 1862, from which he has already recovered $700,000.

SETH KINMAN, the California hunter and trapper, presented President Buchanan with a chair made of elk horns and hoofs in 1856, and gave Abraham Lincoln a similar one in 1864. Andrew Johnson was the recipient of a chair made of grizzly skins and claws. He has another chair similar to the Andrew Johnson in store for the President-elect, only it has the addition of a grizzly's ferocious head, cunningly concealed underneath the seat, which by touching a spring in the rear of the chair, is thrown forward; the jaws snap viciously two or three times, when it returns to its place of concealment.

A SAN FRANCISCO saloon-keeper has sued one of his customers for $7,100, due for 56,800 morning cocktails.

A MONTANA squatter built a small frame shanty on another man's land, and when he was requested to move, positively declined to do so. One night a small company of settlers gathered around his cabin while he and his wife were asleep, and, lifting the whole concern, occupants and shanty, with great deliberation and care, carried it to the river and set it on a small raft. Then they pushed the raft out into the stream and cast it adrift. When the squatter got up in the morning he found himself many miles downstream.

TWO SPRINGS have just been discovered in Nevada that flow about eighty or ninety gallons of petroleum per day. The oil is almost colorless.



CALIFORNIA—ELECTION DAY IN THE MINING REGIONS—SCENE ON DUTCH FLAT, PLACER COUNTY, ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 7TH.

AWAITING ELECTION RETURNS

IN VERY STRANGE contrast with the scenes we are acquainted with in election times on this side of the Mississippi is this sketch which is full of character peculiar to the locality. The same eagerness that was exhibited in Printing House Square and the neighborhood of the great hotels for returns is here depicted; and while the sovereign suffragists are equally motley in personal appearance, the Dutch Flat voters compose more original and picturesque groups on the corners. The Chinaman who has not secured the right of suffrage, and the Indian who is in the same situation, politically, but hastens to the Flat as a messenger from far-off mining districts, manifest in their own way the possession of an excitement which, at this Presidential election at least, was of almost universal prevalence. Rough, dare-devil miners, staking their present and prospective possessions upon the result, like the more glib gamblers of Gotham, meet to consider their respective chances, possibly to increase their risk, and certainly to hedge if they can. The mail-wagon has brought in a modicum of election news, not sufficient to satisfy the loungers. Business meets with a temporary check; men live virtually on the streets. Every rapid rider townwards is surrounded for the "news," and all the approved and regular scenes of election-day are carried out as thoroughly there as in the city of a million inhabitants.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN

SEPTEMBER 9: The campaign of Generals Crook and Terry against the Indians in the Yellowstone region seems to have come to a very lame and impotent conclusion. Sitting Bull, of all the American generals interested, appears to be the only one who has reason to congratulate himself upon the result. Our readers will remember that early in the Summer three columns of troops set out to drive Sitting Bull and the Sioux across the Missouri to their reservations. One column was checked in a skirmish on the headwaters of the Rosebud, and the cavalry of the northern division was led into a death-trap on the Little Big Horn and butchered like dogs. General Terry on the Yellowstone and General Crook at Goose Creek called for reinforcements, and after protracted delays effected a junction on the Rosebud. Then began a wild-goose chase after the Indians. The valleys of the Rosebud, the Tongue, and the Powder Rivers were ransacked, but no Indians were found. Sitting Bull and his entire force had quietly crossed the Yellowstone and gone north. Two regiments will be left in the valley during the Fall and Winter, and preparations will be made to resume operations against the Sioux early in the Spring. But it is hardly likely that the wily savages will suffer themselves again to be brought to bay in large force as they might have been this Summer had our preparations only been made more promptly. The opportunity has passed.

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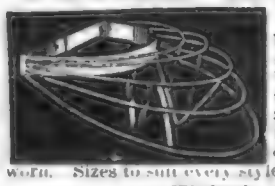

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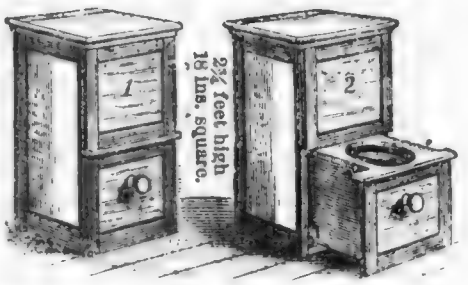

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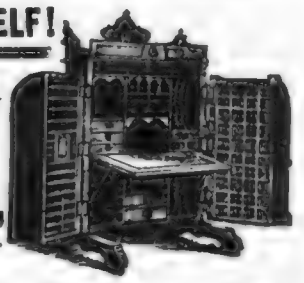

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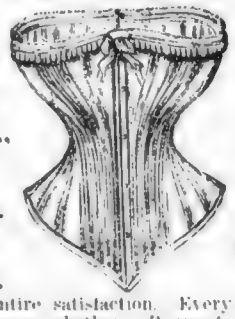

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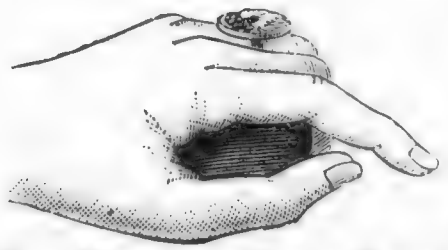

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"Jack Harkaway Out West Among the Indians!"

Will commence in No. 404 of Frank Leslie's "Boys' & Girls' Weekly," issued July 7th.

The Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition

by Joseph Cerquone

TWO CENTURIES AGO, *Fathers Francisco Atanasio Domínguez and Silvestre Vélez de Escalante explored the Southwest as men of peace. Our intent is to commemorate that exploration. . . . We look upon our time on the trail as a period of renewal for ourselves and for all which lies in our path.* Credo of the Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition.

On July 29, 1976, the Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition will depart from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to retrace on horseback the entire trail blazed across the Southwest and Great Basin by two explorer-priests and their party of exploration in 1776. This trek by fifteen hardy riders will be an authentic twentieth-century expedition commemorating the spirit of the earlier journey. Participants will follow the original trail, albeit within the limitations of permission to cross private and government land. The trek is expected to last four months, with the same riders returning to Santa Fe about November 25, 1976.

This ambitious attempt to commemorate the 1776 expedition was the brainchild of Gordon Wallace of Prescott, Arizona, who will also be trail leader for the expedition. Wallace, sixty-six, logged over eight thousand miles of riding and packing in the Idaho Rockies and Sierra of California during his years as a United States park ranger. Since his retirement in 1969, he has led wilderness hikes throughout the world, including one to Mount Everest.

Reflecting on the forthcoming undertaking, Wallace recently commented, "The awareness the Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition may inspire is, of course, hard to determine. I suppose this expedition will simply be a pebble dropping into a pond. But so was Domínguez and Escalante's, and it caused a ripple which is felt to this day. On a more personal level, my major interest in the expedition is the adventure of facing the physical and mental challenges that lie ahead. Am I of the same fiber as these men were two hundred years ago?"

The expedition has been recognized by the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, the Bicentennial Commissions of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, and the Navajo Nation. And many communities along the trail are planning public events to coincide with the coming of the riders. "This is a major undertaking," notes Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition administrator William Daley: "I hope that our coming will symbolize a new era of better understanding among the predominant cultures of the Southwest—Anglo, Hispanic, and Native American."

Joseph Cerquone *has participated in the preparations for the Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition and will ride in the trek as diarist-recorder.*

July 29: The expedition departs Santa Fe, New Mexico, following a mass and celebrations hosted by state and bicentennial officials.

August 12: Mancos, Colorado welcomes the expedition with a festival and parade.

August 13: The expedition is present for dedication of Indian ruins at Dolores, Colorado.

September 15: The riders cross the Green River into Utah and are welcomed in ceremonies hosted by the National Park Service.

September 23: The expedition is on hand for the dedication of the Domínguez-Escalante Monument at Spanish Fork, Utah.

October 1–31: Arizona presents its portion of the Four Corners States reenactment of the 1776 Domínguez-Escalante Expedition.

Late October A reenactment of the Crossing of the Fathers takes place at Lake Powell, Arizona.

November 25: The Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition returns to Santa Fe.

A 36-page color publication, In Behalf of Light: The Domínguez and Escalante Expedition of 1776 *by Joseph Cerquone is available for $1.60 from William Daley, Administrator, Domínguez-Escalante Bicentennial Expedition, P. O. Box 5446, Denver, Colorado 80217.*

THE ROUTE OF THE DOMINGUEZ-ESCALANTE EXPEDITION IS TRACED ON THE MAP ON PAGES 14 15

Storms Brewed in Other Men's Worlds

REVIEWED BY LARRY L. MEYER

HERE IS a fine and needed book that belongs on the shelf of anyone seriously interested in the grand sweep of western history. But it's especially recommended for those Anglo-Ameri-

Storms Brewed in Other Men's Worlds by Elizabeth A. H. John *(Texas A & M University, College Station, 1975; 805 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., index, $18.50).*

can chauvinists among us who persist in believing that nothing much happened "out west" until the shortsighted Bonaparte blithely sold the core of a continent for a song.

Elizabeth John goes back to the beginning, to that stranger-than-fiction adventure story of Cabeza de Vaca, to Francisco Vasquez de Coronado's entrada of 1540, and to the subsequent Spanish penetrations into the American Southwest. Yet her focus is on the Amerind, specifically the impact on the native peoples in New Mexico, lower Louisiana, and the southern Great Plains by the restless emissaries from Europe. Her intent is to reconstruct some of their political and cultural life, and to examine how it changed in response to new stresses. Success is necessarily limited because her subjects left no written records, and her reconstructions are based on observations made through a cultural prism—namely (and mainly) by provincial governors and frontier commanders corresponding with the viceregal powers in Mexico City or with each other.

Despite the handicaps, the author draws comprehensive portraits of sober Pueblos with their basic culture intact before and after the 1680 revolt; of the resilient and widely despised Apaches, made stronger by the acts of Spanish slavers and at their zenith of power in the seventeenth century; of the Navajos (Athapaskan cousins of the Apaches),

selective borrowers of Spanish and Pueblo ways.

The buffeting of the red man became even more aggravated and urgent with the establishment of French power in the lower Mississippi Valley at the dawn of the eighteenth century and the almost immediate western quest of the fleur de lys. Franco - Hispanic rivalry on the Texas - Louisiana border accelerated shifting enmities and exchanges between the resident Caddoan peoples and their neighbors — the belligerent French-armed Osages at the trade hub of the Missouri River to the north, the dislocated Apaches to the south, and the many puissant bands of Comanches to the west. Even after 1733, when Bourbon France and Bourbon Spain concluded the first Family Compact in Europe, mutual distrust, competition in trade, and Byzantine diplomacy kept the southern Plains in turmoil.

Elizabeth John is particularly illuminating in her discussion of the Comanches, generally thought of as perfidious barbarians bereft of all virtues save the ability to wage war without quarter. She cites contemporary appraisals to the contrary. The Shoshonean horseman struck fair-minded Spanish and French officials as honorable, honest, morally upright lovers of freedom who, as Spain's rule in the Southwest entered its final phase, could live in an uneasy peace with the European colonizers.

The author details the more than two centuries of Indian manipulation and abuse at the hands of the European invaders, yet credits those individuals who had the vision to appreciate and cushion the cultural shock that jarred aboriginal societies to their foundation. Among those humane heroes of the Spanish Borderlands were the reconqueror de Vargas, the patient Governor Vélez Cachupín, that exemplar of the soldier-statesman Juan Bautista de Anza, and the able Frenchman who served Spain in Texas, Athanase de Mézières.

The author resists the recent tendency to condemn Spaniards for their Indian policies, reminding us that it was on the Spanish frontier "that one finds the earliest commitment to due process for Indians and the only consistent efforts to foster self-governance of Indian communities." An afterward on the present plight of the descendants of the southwestern tribes points up the greater failings of those who succeeded the Iberians.

Storms Brewed in Other Men's Worlds is both a bridge between and an elaboration upon the early landmark works of H. E. Bolton and A. B. Thomas. Those not-quite-forgotten frontiers are here recalled in exhaustive fashion. Finally, it is accomplishment enough to write well for 200 pages. It is something else to do the same for 773 pages. Happily, Elizabeth John goes the distance.

Larry L. Meyer *is the author of the recent book,* Shadow of a Continent, *a history of the West from 1540 to 1803.*

British Columbia Chronicle 1778–1846

REVIEWED BY TED C. HINCKLEY

THOSE WHO FEAR the disappearance of narrative history can relax. Notwithstanding the best efforts of cliometricians and polemicists in historians' clothing, history written for the people, by the people, and about people, will not die. Indeed, it is a safe guess that for every professional historian who busies himself fretting over how many cotton bales can be squeezed onto an IBM card, there is a corresponding "untrained historian" scholar in another discipline—business, journalism, teaching—whose love affair with history breathes verve as well as veritas into his manuscript.

British Columbia Chronicle 1778–1846: Adventures by Sea and Land by G. P. V. Akrigg and Helen B. Akrigg *(Discovery Press, Vancouver, 1975; 429 pp., illus., maps, charts, biblio., index, $14.95).*

G. P. V. Akrigg, a professor of English at the University of British Columbia, and his wife, Helen, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, have once again created a solidly researched, highly readable work. (Many northwest readers will recall their earlier joint effort, *1001 British Columbia Place Names.*) Here is a year-by-year account of the major events shaping British Columbia's history from the 1778 arrival of Capt. James Cook to the 1846 Treaty of Washington, a diplomatic settlement which gave America sovereignty over Oregon Country. Some specialists may quibble over the Akriggs's specific selections and their emphasis on the dramatic *beaux voyageurs* of provincial history. Actually, quite a number of lesser-known personalities stride across their spirited narrative. Throughout, the Akriggs have made extensive use of lengthy primary source quotes; these judicious selections have added a Bruce Catton-like zestfulness to their cleanly penned account.

Invariably this work will be compared with Margaret A. Ormsby's *British Columbia: A History*. Ormsby's comprehensive study (seventeenth to twentieth centuries) allowed her to give less than one hundred pages to what the Akriggs have devoted an entire volume. Ormsby, writing in pre-Vietnam days, when Uncle Sam still wore a white hat, wrote well of Dr. John McLoughlin and shed no tears over the Treaty of Washington. Not the Akriggs. In their opinion, McLoughlin was "ardently pro-American" and nursed "his own dreams of coming American sovereignty." The last four pages of the Akriggs's book evidences that they too must finally succumb to the contemporary itch to indict rather than to enlighten. Texan independence and America's war with Mexico are dragged in, and a number of inflamed non sequiturs are thrown at the reader. How sad that the authors felt compelled to conclude what is otherwise a tightly-drawn *Chronicle* with sloppy generalizations only feebly linked to their narrative.

Discovery Press is to be congratulated for printing not only a very well illustrated, handsomely printed book, but one in which citations are *foot*notes. Not so satisfying is the Akriggs's bibliography. Why the absence of such scholars as Oscar O. Winther, Erna Gunther, Donald Cutter, Adele Ogden, and Clifford M. Drury? And why in heaven's name do we find an "n.p." after Ormsby's foundation stone? A walk across the campus or a two-minute phone call would have supplied the reply, "Macmillan."

So much for nit-picking. Any library that is genuinely desirous of possessing the indispensable historical tool-books relating to Pacific Slope history must acquire *British Columbia Chronicle*. This reviewer would go further. Any intelligent tourist who is planning on enjoying British Columbia's magnificent natural beauty and its colorful history should, before heading north, tuck into his glove compartment both of the Akriggs's gracefully written, precisely indexed reference works.

Ted C. Hinckley *is professor of history at San Jose State University and is author of* Americanization of Alaska, 1867–1897 *(1972).*

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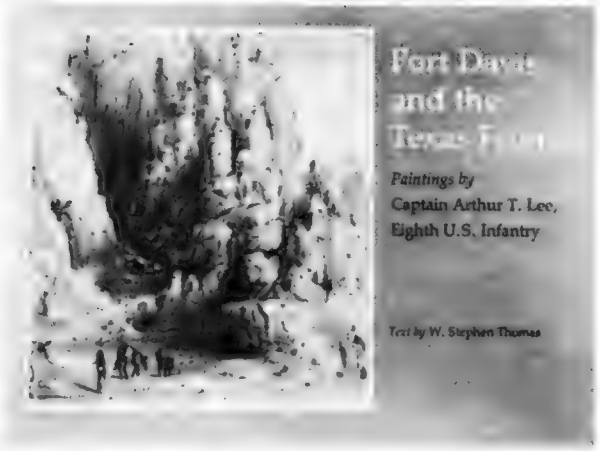

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Foreword by JOE B. FRANTZ
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Alaska and Russian-American Relations

REVIEWED BY CLAUS-M. NASKE

CERTAIN TOPICS in Alaskan history have attracted writers time and again. Preeminent among these are the dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the Alaska-

The Alaska Purchase and Russian-American Relations by Ronald J. Jensen *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1975; 185 pp., intro., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $7.95).*

Canadian boundary, and the purchase of Alaska. These topics are attractive because, unlike many other historical problems, they have a beginning, a middle, and an end. This reviewer alone has collected eight M.A. theses and one dissertation on the purchase of Alaska.

These circumstances, however, do nothing to detract from Ronald J. Jensen's compact study. In a briskly-written narrative, the author reviews the existing literature on the subject in both the United States and Russia and points out its shortcomings. Although much has been written, Jensen concludes, the topic has been approached in a piecemeal fashion; none of the existing studies has provided a satisfactory explanation of the agreement and the place it occupies in the history of the two countries.

Jensen, therefore, reexamines the course of negotiations in the context of Russian-American relations. The negotiations that led to the eventual sale started in 1854 and were directly related to the Crimean War and the attempted fictitious sale of Russian America to the American-Russian Commercial Company of San Francisco. After the war many Russians demanded that scarce resources should be kept at home to strengthen the country. Furthermore, Russia's destiny lay in Asia, particularly the Amur Basin, rather than in far-off Russian America.

It was the outbreak of the civil war in the U. S. that brought negotiations for Alaska to an end. Nevertheless, friendly relations between the U. S. and Russia continued in the postwar period. In December of 1866 (O.S.) the Russian emperor decided to sanction the sale of Alaska. The subsequent negotiations between Secretary of State William H. Seward and E. Stoecke, resulting in the cession of Alaska for 7.2 million dollars, are well known. Congress, however, had to approve the cession and appropriate the money. Many debates later, on July 14, 1868 (and after the U.S. already had taken possession of Alaska), the House finally allocated the necessary funds.

There were subsequent charges that some of the money appropriated by Congress found its way back into the pockets of congressmen. Jensen weighs the evidence and tentatively concludes that payments in the amount of $165,000 in gold were indeed made to various individuals.

Ironically, the close diplomatic cooperation and mutual friendship between the U. S. and Russia faded quickly after the Alaska purchase. Russia became absorbed in central European problems, while Americans concentrated on their own hemisphere and the Pacific. But, as Professor Jensen concludes, "common enemies and cordial relations had drawn the two governments together long enough to make the Alaska cession possible."

In conclusion, Professor Jensen has produced a concise, well-argued volume which should constitute the definitive work on the Alaska Purchase for many years to come. It is the reviewer's hope that the University of Washington Press will issue the volume in paperback so as to make it suitable for classroom use in the forty-ninth state.

Claus-M. Naske, *associate professor at the University of Alaska, specializes in Alaskan and northern Canadian history.*

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American Farming, Farm Labor

REVIEWED BY LAWRENCE B. LEE

FARMING is now America's most favored industry. John Schlebecker describes today's agriculture as a cartel whose agribusiness members are closely regulated by the government which assures this national asset an ever-expanding market. There are even those who counsel food as our most potent weapon in a renewed Cold War. It was not always this way. In the period of our country's early national history that Daniel Boorstin terms "Man and the Land," agriculture was the predominant industry, providing the principal livelihood for America's multiplying population. Then in the post-Civil-War era, the epoch of "Man and the Machine," agriculture became the stepchild to city-based commerce and manufacturing. Through it all Europe provided the metropolitan markets for America's early commercial agricultural expansion as well as the source for initial scientific and technological advances.

Whereby We Thrive: A History of American Farming, 1607–1972 by John D. Schlebecker *(Iowa State University, Ames, 1975; 342 pp., intro., illus., charts, biblio., index, $12.95).*

Hired Hands and Plowboys: Farm Labor in the Midwest, 1815–1860 by David E. Schob *(University of Illinois, Urbana, 1975; 329 pp., intro., map, charts, biblio., index, $10.95).*

Whereby We Thrive is an impressive first-time narrative history of American farming by the foremost authority in the literature of American agriculture. It is compendious in content and can be used as an exciting chronicle of our nation's agriculture to be read in easy stages, as a textbook, or selectively, the author suggests, where interest dictates. The narrative follows the general headings of "Land," "Markets," and "Science and Technology," recurrently examining each for successive chronological periods. Valuable insights pepper the book. English mercantilism sought specie from such American enterprises as fur trapping, logging, fishing, and piracy, whereas agriculture was to be maintained on a mere subsistence level. The history of American agriculture, however, is the history of *commercial* agriculture. The democratization of American public land policy is unprecedented in all the world's history and has had a strong effect on the growth of American agricultural efficiency and production. The mechanization of the American farm toward the end of the last century can only be understood as a function of expanding markets in America. It was probably the tractor that made the single greatest technological impact on farming. Society impinges more than ever upon the critical choices the American farmer must make in the use of fertilizers, feed supplements, herbicides, and insecticides, as well as the crops he produces. The author is troubled by the pollution implicit in today's farm operations but sheds no tears for the millions of marginal farmers separated from the land, nor the decline in family-sized farms.

Hired Hands and Plowboys offers a contrasting nostalgic trip back in time to the era of the family-sized farm in the settlement years of the Old Northwest when the hired hand performed the specialized or arduous tasks of an agricultural frontier. This fascinating monograph, based on voluminous and wide-ranging primary sources, offers vignettes of arcane occupations lost to memory in today's factories in the fields. Ideally the hired hands were single young men who performed the "set-up" function of clearing timber from future homestead tracts, broke the prairie sod, dug the wells and drainage ditches, and served as teamsters, and, mostly notably, as harvest hands. Tradition holds that all of these hired hands put enough by in this period of apprenticeship to marry the girls of their choice and set up as independent yeoman farmers. Reality, Schob discloses, was otherwise. Ascent up the agricultural ladder often meant merely a rise to the status of tenant farmers.

Lawrence B. Lee, *who teaches at San Jose State University, is the author of many articles on agricultural history.*

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Amerikanuak: Basques in the New World by William A. Douglass and Jon Bilbao *(University of Nevada, Reno, 1975; 519 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appens., notes, index, $16.00).*

REVIEWED BY CLIFF TRAFZER

AT FIRST GLANCE one might ask the reason for the publication of an entire book on the Basque people of the New World. But after a closer examination of the contents of this volume, one would clearly understand the reason. Quite simply, the Basques have played a very significant part in the exploration, settlement, and building of the Americas. Heretofore, such contributions have not been recognized fully; this study corrects this wrong and fills a large gap in the history of the New World.

Amerikanuak is a very thorough piece of research which utilizes methodologies employed by historians and anthropologists alike. It explores such topics as the origins and early history of the Basques in the Old World, the maritime role of the Basques in the discovery of the New World, and the development of the sheep and cattle industries in the Americas. More significantly, the book deals with the specific contributions made by the Basques in the American West as missionaries, merchants, soldiers, miners, ranchers, and herdsmen.

The authors particularly emphasize the special role that the Basques played in the settlement of California from the Spanish era to the American period. Long ago, historian Hubert Howe Bancroft recognized the importance of such Basques as Father Fermín Francisco de Lasuén in the history of California; other prominent Basques who contributed significantly to the exploration and settlement of the American West were Diego de Borica, Juan de Ugalde, and Juan Bautista de Anza.

Amerikanuak is written in a flowing and orderly style, it is documented well, and the bibliography is quite adequate. Students of the West will find this work a welcome addition to the literature of the New World's Old-World heritage.

Cliff Trafzer *is the author of* **The Judge, The Yuma Crossing,** *and* **Anza, Garcés, and the Yuma Frontier.**

Wild and Woolly: An Encyclopedia of the Old West by Denis McLoughlin *(Doubleday, Garden City, New York, 1975; 570 pp., intro., illus., biblio., $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY LEE FOSTER

IN DENIS MCLOUGHLIN'S words, California's Spanish Americans "preferred an existence of sit-up-and-sup rather than the git-up-and-go" of the newly arriving Americans of the Gold Rush. The cow town of Abilene declined in favor of Newton because Texans wanted "to cut their saddle polishing by almost a week." Recalling one of John Henry Holliday's early killings, McLoughlin tells us that "this wasn't an obvious case of self-defense, so rather than push his luck before twelve men good and ornery, he clouded out. . . ."

In thousands of similarly expressive verbal moments Denis McLoughlin has created an action-packed, rip-roaring encyclopedia that is a good read. The book is not exhaustive in its entries, or exhausting in its information. It is filled with what the Dutch call the "gooie," the spark of vital language and wit. Readers who like Fowler's *Modern English Usage* for English and Fowler will enjoy *Wild and Woolly* for the West and McLoughlin.

When one browses the volume and picks up a congenial subject, there are cross-references with which to continue a labyrinthine pursuit.

In these revisionary times, McLoughlin continues to celebrate an earlier, mythic, romantic treatment of his subjects. His skillfully euphemistic, properly evasive language supports this emphasis. The entry under "Gunfighting" expresses this tendency perfectly. His gunfighters would never really die, just "bite the dust." They would never be found in a grave, but on "Boot Hill."

Mark Twain criticized James Fenimore Cooper's fiction by saying that Cooper's women never sweated. Similarly, readers with a documentary style in mind will see limitations in the magical, silver-screen aura that hovers about McLoughlin's view of the West.

Lee Foster *is the author of* **Just 25 Cents and Three Wheaties Boxtops,** *a book about growing up in the 1950s.*

The Forest Killers: The Destruction of the American Wilderness by Jack Shepherd *(Weybright and Talley, New York, 1975; 423 pp., illus., appen., notes, index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY HAROLD K. STEEN

THE FOREST KILLERS is peppered with carelessness. Incorrect dates, names, titles, and affiliations are common. In at least one instance, a name is misspelled two different ways on the same page. More serious errors also appear; for example, the U.S. Forest Service is represented as being in opposition to passage of the 1960 Multiple Use-Sustained Yield Act. In reality, the Forest Service sponsored the bill and with great finesse moved it quickly through Congress after overcoming opposition from the forest industries, the Sierra Club, and the National Park Service.

Despite these irritating and unnecessary flaws, the book is well worth reading for the substance of its message. Jack Shepherd has obviously examined mountains of data, and his lively style keeps the reader with him through to the end of a long monograph. What we have referred to here as errors, Shepherd might argue, are really analogous to acne on the face of a bright-eyed, intelligent adolescent—not so very important after all.

Implicit throughout are the agonizing frustrations common to citizen conservationists. Rallying to the leadership of a small paid nucleus, their efforts challenge the policies and practices of large agencies and industries with bevies of full-time specialists on their payrolls. The Large insist that the Small play the game by rules as approved by the Large. But just as the Minutemen sniped from behind trees at the Redcoats' ranks, the Small use strategies and weapons best suited to their own resources. *The Forest Killers* is one such example.

Clearcutting, use of pesticides, and the preservation of wilderness are a few of the controversial topics that Shepherd discusses as he compiles a lengthy list of charges that our forest resources are threatened. Read *The Forest Killers* with care, but by all means read it.

Harold K. Steen's *history of the Forest Service will be published this fall.*

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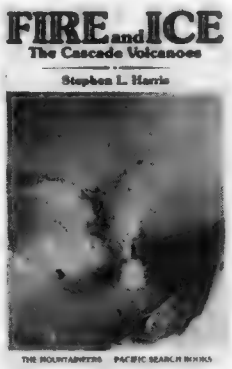

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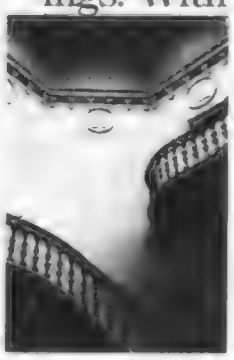

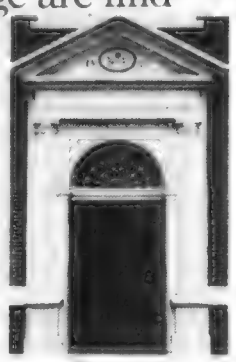

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Jane Stanford: Her Life and Letters by Gunther W. Nagel with a foreword by J. E. Wallace Sterling *(Stanford Alumni Association, Stanford, California, 1975; 179 pp., intro., illus., biblio., epilogue, sources, $7.00).*

REVIEWED BY JEANNE SCHINTO

MOVING chronologically through Jane Lathrop Stanford's personal correspondence, Gunther Nagel has brightly documented the story of the transformation of a demure, unassuming wife and mother into the strong-willed, determined co-founder and unwaffling financial and spiritual supporter of California's Stanford University. Jane Stanford's life was a lesson in female assertiveness ahead of its time.

Initially, we find Jane in her painfully passive role as the shy wife of Leland Stanford, Sr.—California governor, railroad magnate, etc.—and the adoring mother of Leland, Jr., the only heir to the Stanford fortune. As the story progresses, however, death pays a visit, and many changes occur. Leland, Jr., is struck down by typhoid in 1884 at age sixteen, and in his memory the Stanfords erect a university. Two years after its opening Leland, Sr., dies, leaving Jane to continue the work alone. It is during the twelve years that Jane presides over the fledgling institution that her transformation occurs. Before her death in 1905 at age seventy-six, Jane saves Stanford from financial ruin, abandonment, and conflict, and affects every facet of the campus life, sometimes to the chagrin of faculty, other administrators, and students.

"Like any other force," Jane once observed curtly to a disagreeable geology professor, "education needs intelligent guidance if it is to serve any purpose." And, she added, "that is why I am so much more interested in the Church on campus than I am in your precious rocks."

Dr. Nagel's respect for his subject is evident, and his writing style matches his subject's character—it is imbued with a sense of propriety and history, without sentimentality. ℭ

Jeanne Schinto *is a free-lance writer who specializes in historical topics of contemporary interest.*

ANZA

(Continued from page 16)

1775, handed over a leather-bound copy of the original decree to found San Francisco to Dr. Rodriguez, who played the role of Anza in the ceremony. The decree was placed in a *mochila,* a special saddlebag of hand-tooled leather which was to be carried by many horses and many Anzas from the Zócalo to San Francisco.

The parade down Mexico City's famous Avenida de la Reforma that followed the ceremony, was led by the *charros'* daughters riding sidesaddle and dressed in billowing eighteenth-century skirts and knee-high boots. Thus began a procession that thousands of people would see in one form or another during the next nine months as the Anza reenactment made its way toward San Francisco.

ANZA'S thousand-mile ride to the Mexican frontier was re-created by relay riders who passed the *mochila* to their Arizona counterparts at the international border. In Arizona the reenactment was under the auspices of the Arizona Historical Society and the Arizona Bicentennial Commission. The Arizona reenactment had been five years in the making, and on October 23, 1975, it was ready to proceed, led by Yjiinio Aguirre, retired rancher, as the Arizona Anza.

Authenticity was the hallmark of the Arizona procession, with colorful costumes of the period adding much to the spectacle and drama of the occasion. The roles of the principals had been carefully rehearsed, lending verisimilitude to the reenactment. As the group rode across Arizona, spectators were treated to dramatic set pieces. In one, leather-jacketed horsemen armed with lances and riding at full gallop, speared gourds on the ground, just as frontier *soldados* had done two hundred years before to display their horsemanship.

The California contingent took over at the Colorado River, where Helen Shropshire of the California Heritage Guides, co-sponsors with the California Bicentennial Commission, was in charge. The California concept of the reenactment was entirely different from Arizon's. In California each county was in charge of its own presentation of the event, with the *mochila* passing from one Anza to the next at the county borders. Some counties managed to come up with the full complement of 240 travelers, and a few even included cattle, since the original Anza Expedition had used them for daily barbecues along the route.

Wherever the Expedition stopped in California, there were special ceremonies with the local mayor officiating, high school bands playing, church bells ringing, cannons firing, and muskets discharging. Mission priests were seen running with outstretched arms to welcome the colonists with the traditional Mexican bear hug.

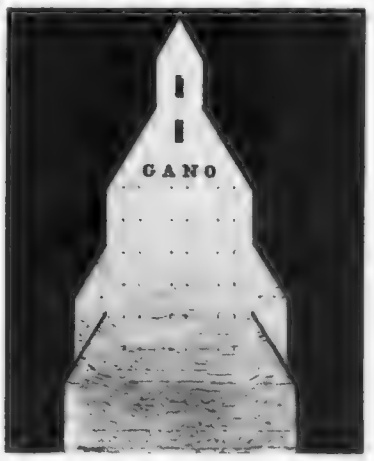
Anza had led his people to California during the coldest winter on record, yet there was only one death during the journey, while three babies were born. Anza himself did not lead the Expedition all the way to San Francisco but in June of 1776 left that final phase to his second-in-command, Lieutenant Don Joseph Joachin Moraga. But Anza did explore the San Francisco peninsula in order to select sites for a mission and presidio. The reenactment faithfully followed in his footsteps, placing a cross on a windy bluff overlooking the Golden Gate on the same date exactly two hundred years later.

Anza himself soon returned to Mexico, never to see California again. Before he left, the settlers he had brought to California gathered in Monterey to bid him a heartfelt farewell. And on his return to Mexico, Anza wrote of this group:

"I testify that from the beginning up to today I have not seen any sign of desertion in any of those whom I have brought from their country to remain in this distant place; and in praise of their fidelity, I may be permitted to make this memorial of a people who in the course of time will come to be very useful to the monarchy in whose service they had voluntarily left parents and country, which is everything one can abandon."

Winston Elstob *is a professional tour guide in Monterey, California, and was one of the organizers and coordinators for the Anza Expedition reenactment.*

The look of the West



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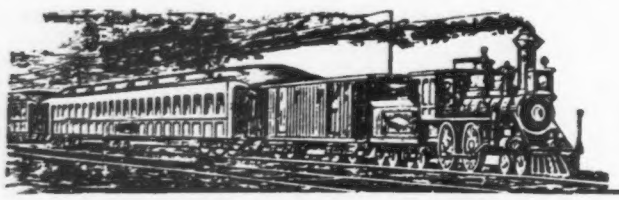

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